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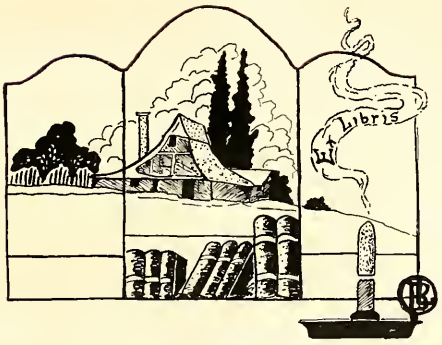
Libris

"That in all things He might have
the pre-eminence"

1925

Annual Student Publication

EASTERN NAZARENE COLLEGE

WOLLASTON, MASS.

Dedication

TO ONE BELOVED AND HONORED
WHOSE WEALTH OF HOLY THOUGHT AND WORK
HAS GIVEN US INSPIRATION FOR SERVICE
WHOSE READY CO-OPERATION AND KINDLY COUNSEL
HAVE ENABLED US TO PERSEVERE
TO OUR FRIEND AND PRESIDENT

FLOYD W. NEASE

WE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE
THIS FOURTH VOLUME OF

THE NAUTILUS

Nautilus Staff

EDITORIAL

Russell V. DeLong, *Editor-in-Chief*
Ethelyn B. Peavey, *Associate Editor* (Literary)
Irva G. Phillips, *Associate Editor* (Art)
A. Wesley Archibald, *Literary Editor*
Doris M. Gale, *Associations Editor*
Wesley G. Angell, *College Life Editor*
Lawrence D. Benner, *Art Editor*
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John W. Poole, *Assistant*
C. Ray Hagerman, *Assistant*

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Gale
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Angell
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DE LONG
Phillips
M. HARRIS
YOUNG
1925
Hagerman
Gardner
Poole
Fess
Rush
Dwinell
Morse
Perkins
Stahl

College Song For E. N. C.

(*Tune:* MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.)

I

God planted thee, we dare to boast,
E. N. C., dear E. N. C.,
On old New England's rock-bound coast,
E. N. C., dear E. N. C.
Oh, ne'er forget the trust He gave!
"My laborers, falter not, be brave;
For I've a world for thee to save,
E. N. C., My E. N. C."

II

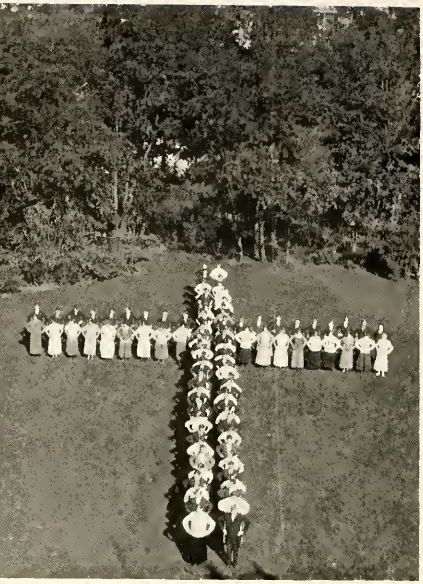
Then on our campus let God dwell,
E. N. C., our E. N. C.
Within our halls His praises tell,
E. N. C., our E. N. C.
We'll do thy bidding without fear;
We'll send thy message far and near,
And span His world with heaven's cheer,
E. N. C., dear E. N. C.

III

True sons and daughters on the field,
E. N. C., Oh, E. N. C.,
A deathless covenant have sealed,
E. N. C., Oh, E. N. C.
They pledged thee with a purpose just
Thy standard ne'er to trail in dust.
They'll save God's world and keep thy trust,
E. N. C., God's E. N. C.

M. NEASE.

True Sons and Daughters



In Hoc Signo Vinces

The Approach

The Portico

The Drive

"To Canterbury They Wende"

Campus and Ocean

College Girls' Dormitory

Elm Avenue

"Low Dropping Pine Boughs Winter Weighed"

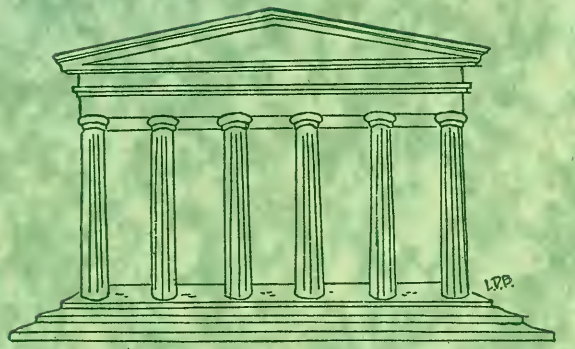
Good Company

High Tide

Merrymount

The First Snow Fall

The Mansion Lawn



ALMA MATER

Bunker Hill
Old South Church
The Commons
Wash
HUB
South Station
Boston, Mass.
Faneuil Hall
Revere Home

Faculty

FLOYD W. NEASE, A.M., B.D.

Philosophy and Greek

"He led them forth by a right way."

BERTHA MUNRO, A.M.

English Language and Literature

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

ERNEST E. ANGELL, S.T.L.

Bible and Theology

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

Faculty

R. WAYNE GARDNER, A.M.

Mathematics and Science

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

EFFIE S. GOOZEE, A.M.

Classical Languages

"Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation."

HUGH C. BENNER, S.B., B.D.

History and Piano

"The Lord is my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

Faculty

ALICE SPANGENBERG, A.M.

English

"In the multitude of my thoughts within me Thy comforts delight my soul."

MARY HARRIS, A.B.

French

"The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

ETHEL WILSON, S.B.

Education and Sociology

"Blessed are the pure in heart."

Faculty

CARRIE M. GARDNER, A.B.

German and Sub-preparatory

"She looketh well to the ways of her household."

HAZEL R. HARDING

Secretary to President

Typewriting and Stenography

"She hath done what she could."

KARL WILDES, M.S.

Instructor, Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Radio

"Great things doeth he which we cannot comprehend."

Faculty

H. DANA STROTHER

Violin

"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

MARGARET E. PATIN

Nurse

"Let us not be weary in well-doing."

WILLIAM C. ESSELSTYN, S.B.

Instructor in Science

"Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust."

Librarian and Deans

ANNA C. FRENCH

Librarian

"Unto the pure all things are pure."

MRS. A. J. LESTER

Dean of Women

"A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

W. A. MILLETT

Dean of Men

"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith."

Business Administration

LEROY D. PEAVEY, S.B.

Treasurer of the Board of Trustees

"Absent in the flesh, yet with you in the spirit."

J. C. HENSON

Business Manager

"And in every work that he began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments, to seek his God, he did it with all his heart, and prospered."

IRWIN K. FRENCH

Bookkeeper

"Serving the Lord, rejoicing in hope."

Board of Trustees

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Rev. Howard V. Miller, *Vice-Chairman*
Rev. Charles J. Washburn, *Secretary*
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Lecturers

LEROY D. PEAVEY, S.B.

Vice-President of the Babson Statistical Organization

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Commencement Address

June 11, 1924

Lecturers

REV. H. F. REYNOLDS, D.D.

General Superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene

Evangelistic Campaign
May 4–9, 1924

REV. C. B. JERNIGAN

District Superintendent of the New York District

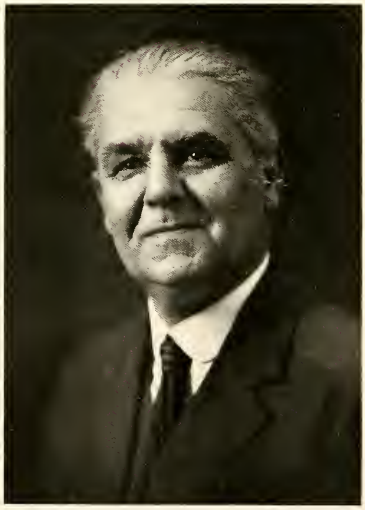
Opening
September 9–15, 1924

Lecturers

REV. BUD ROBINSON

Evangelist

October 28–30, 1924

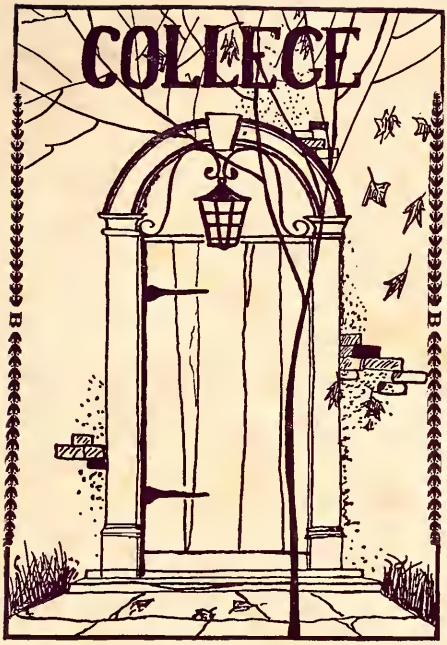


REV. E. P. ELLYSON, D.D.

Editor-in-Chief Sunday School Publications of the Church of the Nazarene

Lectures
October 17–19, 1924

Bible Institute
March 3–8, 1925


COLLEGE

College of Liberal Arts

BERTHA MUNRO, A. M.

Dean of College of Liberal Arts

Boston University, A.B., 1907; Phi Beta Kappa; Harvard University (Radcliffe College), A.M., 1916; Teacher of English and German, High School, Middleboro, Mass., 1907–1909; Teacher of Latin and German, High School, Needham, Mass., 1909–1910; Head of English Department, Pentecostal Collegiate Institute, 1910–1915; Head of English Department, Taylor University, 1916–1919; Head of English Department, Eastern Nazarene College, 1919–; Superintendent of Sunday School Teacher Training, New England District; Member of New England District Boards of Education, Publication and Sunday Schools; Member of New England Association of Teachers of English; Adviser of Breseean Literary Society; Adviser of *Nautilus* Staff; Chairman of Committee on Scholarship; Teacher College Girls' Sunday School Class.

STUDENTS' ORGANIZATION OF THE COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS

William C. Esselstyn, *President*

Irva G. Phillips, *Vice-President*

Doris M. Gale, *Secretary*

Harold G. Gardner, *Treasurer*

College of Liberal Arts

Eastern Nazarene College is small, but she has a reason for being.

She is old-fashioned enough to believe with Milton that the aim of education is "to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to be like Him"; that the infinite goal of all study is to see as God sees, with a mind free from the bias of ignorance and prejudice, clear of the fogs of superstition.

She recognizes the object of learning to be truth, but accepts the claim of Christ, "I am the Truth." She holds Christ as the Central Fact of the universe, illuminating every problem of philosophy, literature, history, science, art; for "in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." She tests every new theory by the touchstone of His principles and His spirit.

She maintains that true education does not rob the student of his faith, but rather confirms his belief in eternal verities if he holds fast a personal relationship with God. She is convinced, inasmuch as the great religious and missionary movements of History have originated within college walls, that the Christian college should be aflame with the spirit of living worship and evangelistic zeal.

She insists that every power of the human soul should be developed to the full and devoted to making the will of God prevail on earth; for, "They that be wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Bertha Munro

College Senior Class

Russell V. DeLong, *President*
William C. Esselstyn, *Vice-President*
Ethelyn B. Peavey, *Secretary-Treasurer*

Flower, Chrysanthemum

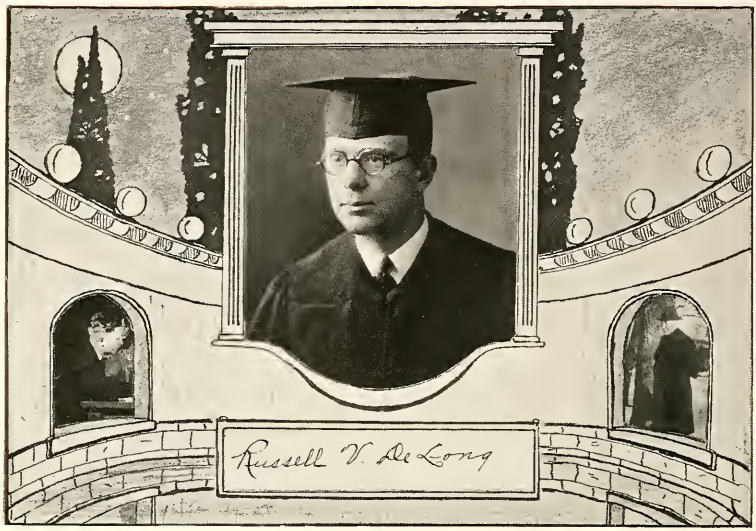
Colors, Gray and Gold

Motto
"Fidelity, Courage, Truth and Service"

CLASS ROLL

Marion L. Cutter, A.B.
Russell V. DeLong, Th.B., A.B.
William C. Esselstyn, S.B.
Freda A. Hayford, Th.B.
Ethelyn B. Peavey, A.B.
Howard T. Stahl, A.B.

Senior Class



RUSSELL V. DELONG, TH.B., A.B.
Wareham, Massachusetts
Philosophy and Theology (Double Major)
"Follow the Christ, the King."

Treasurer of Students' Co-operative Association, '20, '21
President of Evangelistic Association, '23
Business Manager of *Nautilus*, '24
Editor-in-Chief of *Nautilus*, '23, '25
President of Student Body, '25
President of College Senior Class, '25
Student Pastor at Waltham, '25
Chorus, Orchestra, Quartette

"RUSS"

Busy: Planning.
Always: Pleasant.
Says daily: "When can we have a staff meeting?"
Hopes to be: A preserver of American home life.

Russell came to E. N. C. from a preacher's home and he is following in his father's footsteps. His career at college has been marked by unusual success. From the very first he displayed such creative leadership as won him general confidence. No branch of school activity has been left unchanged by his personality. A big assignment, whether in the classroom, in the gym, or in the administration, is Russell's. Yet he is not one of those who merely hold all the chief offices. He will step into an unmarked trail and blaze the way so clearly that his successors find the way easy. If the same vim and wisdom are put into his future work, we cannot but predict for him unbounded success and blessing.

Senior Class

ETHELYN BARTLETT PEAVEY, A.B.
Watertown, Massachusetts
Classical Languages

"The very embodiment of grace, wit, and charm!"

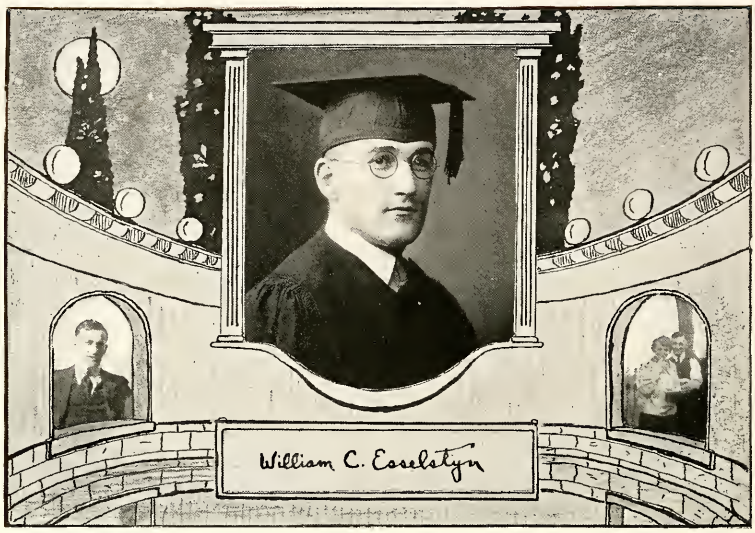
President of College Department, '25
Chairman of Appointment Committee of E A., '25
President of B. L. S., '24
Associate Editor of *Nautilus*, '25
Vice-President of Student Body, '25
President of Language Society, '25
Secretary-Treasurer of Senior Class, '25

"ETHELYN"
Busy: Carrying books.
Always: Smiling.
Says daily: "Oh, that Appointment Committee!"
Hopes to be: M.A., Ph.D.

Since Ethelyn first came to us three years ago, she has had our love and admiration. She has always been one of the leaders of the school, but this year more so than before. Whether she is presiding over the Breseean Literary Society or the Appointment Committee, she does so with dignity and charm. Her sweet smile has spurred us on, and her sympathetic manner has encouraged us to tell her our difficulties. Her steady Christian life has stimulated us all to be more devout followers of the Man of Galilee.

Ethelyn has chosen teaching as her life work. Fortunate the student who enrolls in her class. He will be assured thorough knowledge, capable teaching and constant inspiration to excellence in study and appreciation.

Senior Class



WILLIAM CLAYTON ESSELSTYN, S.B.
Lansing, Michigan
Science

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives."

President of College Department, '25
Advertising Manager of *Nautilus*, '25
Vice-President of College Senior Class, '25
Student Instructor, '24, '25
Monitor of College Men's Dormitory, '24, '25
Treasurer of Sunday School, '24
Chaplain of Breseean Literary Society, '25

"BILL"

Busy: Boosting *Nautilus* advertisers.
Always: Smilingly imperturable.
Says daily: "I don't care for myself, boys, but for the sake of the others."
Hopes to be: A second Moffat.

After two eminently successful years at Michigan Agricultural College, Mr. Esselstyn matriculated at E. N. C. Since that time he has won his way into every heart. Those who work with him in classes admire his thorough understanding and intelligent grasp of the subjects studied. Those who are fortunate enough to study under him admire his persistent patience with slow and budding intellects. Yet Mr. Esselstyn is not confined to studying and teaching. He has time enough to be "Bill" to everybody and busy in everything. His work as Advertising Manager will not soon be forgotten by the appreciative staff and student body.

As for the future, Mr. Esselstyn plans to preach the Gospel in Africa. Our only advice is, "Live there as you have lived here."

Senior Class

FREDA ALETA HAYFORD, TH.B.
Johnson, Vermont
Theology

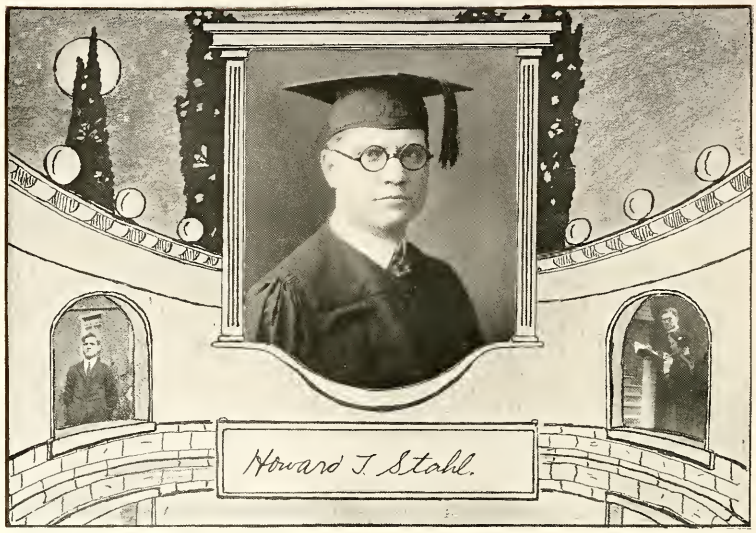
"A true daughter of Vermont:
What praise is higher!"

Vice-President of Junior Class
Secretary of Breseean Literary Society, '24
Assistant Secretary of Sunday School, '24
Secretary of Sunday School, '25

"FREDA"
Busy: Keeping the "children" (Dot and Lurla) in good behavior.
Always: Thinking of others.
Says every six weeks: "I don't believe in cramming."
Hopes to be: A Missionary lady.

Deep in our hearts lies the memory of all that Freda has been to us these four years. Each year she has been steadily developing into the kind of person we like to have at E. N. C. She has proved to us that hard work and sheer pluck will solve almost any difficulty. She has chosen high ideals and held to them, sacrificing always the better for the best. Her cheerfulness and good humor always bring a response from us. Freda has always been one of those who "stay by the stuff" of college life—ever loyal, ever ready to do her share, and a little more. It is with sorrow and gladness that we say good-bye to her—sorrow because we are going to miss her—gladness because we know that in her teaching and preaching she will truly represent E. N. C.

Senior Class



HOWARD TRAPP STAHL, A.B.
East Greenville, Pennsylvania

Language

"And there were giants in the land in those days."

Nautilus Advertising Staff, '25
Chairman of Publicity Committee of Evangelistic Association, '25

"STAHL"

Busy: Eating candy.
Always: Ready to talk.
Says daily: "Hey, there! Now listen, you boys!"
Hopes to be: An able pastor.

Mr. Stahl is of unusual height, both physically and intellectually. He had already braved successfully the storms of three colleges before he came to E. N. C. for his Senior year. We shall indeed be proud to have him in that steadily increasing number of successful E. N. C. alumni. While not engaged this year, as in former years, as a student pastor, yet Mr. Stahl has been far from inactive. His constant insistence upon deep spirituality and vital religion, usually emphasized by some excellent German humor, has been a source of inspiration to all about him.

Senior Class

MARION LINCOLN CUTTER, A.B.
Brooklyn, New York

Philosophy and Education

"Sincerity her greatest virtue."

Secretary of Young People's Society, '25
Assistant Librarian, '25

"MARION"
Busy: Keeping order in the library.
Always: In a hurry.
Says daily: "Yes, yes, I know that. But Gussie —"
Hopes to be: Always single.

Graduating from E. N. C. Academy in '20, Marion thereupon took up a special missionary training course. Upon its completion she registered for the college course, specializing in Philosophy and Education. This year she has acted as assistant Librarian, and long, long is the tale thereof.

Throughout her entire course, Marion has maintained a high degree of devotion and sincerity to her purpose and ideals. We are sure that the maintenance of these qualities displayed here will enable her to win many souls for the Master in the mission field of India.

Junior Class

R. DeForest Shields
Barnet, Vermont
"Fond of work and fond of play,
Delighting to tease the live-long day."
Member of Band and Orchestra
Future Occupation: Teacher

Doris M. Gale
Lowell, Massachusetts
"A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
In evening skies."
President of Evangelistic Association
Associations Editor of *Nautilus*
Vice-President of Y. W. A. A.
Secretary of College Department
Secretary of College Junior Class
Secretary of Language Department
Chairman of Social Committee
Soloist of Chorus and Orchestra
Future Occupation: Teacher

Margaret E. Patin
Uhrichsville, Ohio
"Her air, her smile, her motions, told
Of womanly completeness."
College Nurse
Chairman Membership Committee of Evangelistic Association
Program Committee of Breseean Literary Society
Member of Chorus
Future Occupation: Missionary to Africa

Irva G. Phillips
Manchester, New Hampshire
"She packs all her troubles in the bottom of her trunk, locks it, sits on the lid and smiles."
President of College Junior Class
Vice-President of College Department
Associate Editor of *Nautilus*
Secretary of Students' Organization
Secretary Appointment Committee of Evangelistic Association
Future Occupation: Missionary to Africa

Lurla Myra Dwinell
Hardwick, Vermont
"A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A jovial, coaxing way she had."
Art Associate of *Nautilus* Staff
Secretary of Y. W. A. A.
Secretary of Amphictyon Council
Breseean Program Committee
Future Occupation: Teacher

Junior Class

"Maggie"

Margaret is our college nurse —
And say, but she is firm.
She gives us bitter medicines
No matter how we squirm.

Yet gentle she, and kind and sweet,
Her smile has power to cheer;
Her touch like magic soothes the brow
When sickness draweth near.

"Lurla"

Lurla is our good-natured miss.
She is talkative, 'tis true,
But her actions justify her words,
And we are glad they do.

Always laden with tasks galore,
Yet always with plenty of time.
She reads, and works, and studies well
With mirth all down the line.

"Irva"

Irva is our busy bee.
In chapel, hall, and class
We watch her bustle to and fro,
An energetic lass.

Enthusiasm is her forte.
Whenever there is need
She urges co-operative zeal
In word, and thought, and deed.

"Freddie"

"Freddie" is our rose 'mong thorns,
Yet he doesn't seem to mind.
In every phase of college life
He is affable and kind.

In basket-ball, in field or gym,
In orchestra, and band,
Down at the "Cardboard Palace,"
He is always in demand.

"Dot"

Doris is our nightin-Gale.
In dorm or college hall,
In stately hymn or classic song
Her voice delights us all.

Efficient, capable is she,
Kept bustling all the day
Announcing meetings or reports,
Yet ever glad and gay.

Sophomore Class

ARTHUR MORSE
Plattsburg, New York

"Skillful in each manly sport."

President of Y. M. A. A.
President of Palmer Science and Mathematics Club
President of College Sophomore Class
Future Occupation: Electrical Engineer

DOROTHY EUNICE GOODNOW
Peacham, Vermont

"She was a radiating focus of good-will."

President of Young Women's Athletic Association
Chairman of Breseean Literary Program Committee
Vice-President of Palmer Science and Mathematics Club
Future Occupation: Undecided

JOHN WALLACE AMES
Bowdoinham, Maine

"Like the sun at Easter,
Shone his happy face."

Vice-President of Breseean Literary Society
Treasurer of Evangelistic Association
Secretary of Sophomore Class
Future Occupation: Preacher

LAWRENCE D. BENNER
Edison, Ohio

"He was beloved by all."

Art Editor of *Nautilus*
President of Radio Club
Member of Band and Orchestra
Future Occupation: Teacher

Sophomore Class

DALPH W. FRY
New Galilee, Pennsylvania

"His whole life was a calm, good-natured protest against narrowness and bigotry."

Treasurer of Sophomore Class
Treasurer of Band
Member of Campus Committee
Future Occupation: Electrical Engineer

A. WESLEY ARCHIBALD
Lynn, Massachusetts

"If you tell him of Jacob's ladder he will ask the number of steps."

Literary Editor of *Nautilus*
Program Committee of Missionary Society
Future Occupation: Missionary

STELIOS MIROYIANNIS
Metelin, Greece

"Sleep on, my lad, in sweet repose."

Future Occupation: Botanist

JOHN WILLIS ANDERSON
Warren, Pennsylvania

"Silence is one great art of conversation."

Vice-President of Amphictyon Council
Band
Church Pianist
Future Occupation: Teacher

CLARENCE J. HAAS
Haverhill, Massachusetts

"There was something very remarkable in his countenance—the commandments were written in his face."

Member of Band and Orchestra
Sergeant-at-Arms of B. L. S.
Future Occupation: Missionary to Africa

Freshman Class

ARMOND RUSH
Mannington, West Virginia
"The 'luck' that I believe in
Is that which comes with work."
President of N. Y. P. S.
President of Freshman Class
Future Occupation: Medical Missionary to India

WESLEY GALE ANGELL
Wollaston, Massachusetts
"It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true."
College Life Editor of *Nautilus*
Editor of *Green Book*
Future Occupation: Business

RUTH MacINTOSH
Everett, Massachusetts
"Mistress of herself, though China fall."
Member of Chorus
Future Occupation: Vocal Teacher

EDITH A. ANGELL
Wollaston, Massachusetts
"I have a heart with room for eve'y joy."
Treasurer of Freshman Class
Secretary of Palmer Science and Mathematics Club
Future Occupation: Teacher

SAMUEL YOUNG
Cleveland, Ohio
"Hard and keen,
A granite block from granite Aberdeen."
Business Manager of *Nautilus*, '25
Member of Appointment and Finance Committees of Evangelistic Association
Future Occupation: Preacher

ANNIE S. ALLEN
Gorham, Maine
"If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God."
Secretary of *Nautilus* Staff
Secretary of Evangelistic Association
Future Occupation: Preacher

RUTH FESS
Troy, Ohio
"She is kind-hearted and serviceable in all the relations of life."
Vice-President of Y. P. S.
Art Associate of *Nautilus*
Future Occupation: Teacher

HAROLD G. GARDNER
Richmond Hill, New York
"It is good to have been young in youth and as years go on, to grow older."
President of Band
Treasurer of Student Body
Future Occupation: Preacher

EUNICE M. ALLEN
Gorham, Maine
"A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence."
Future Occupation: Preacher

ARLINE EUNICE LEAVITT
South Eliot, Maine
"After all, the best thing I can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain."
Program Committee of Breseean Literary Society
Social Committee
Future Occupation: Undecided

Freshman Class

CHARLES E. DEWARE
Providence, Rhode Island

"I hate to see things done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone."

Sergeant-at-Arms, B. L. S.
Band, Orchestra and Chorus
Future Occupation: Christian work

DOROTHY PRISCILLA PEAVEY
Watertown, Massachusetts

"Give me romance, and I'll dispense
With the rodomontade of common sense."

Secretary of Missionary Society
Member of Orchestra
Future Occupation: Undecided

IDA HENSON
Wollaston, Massachusetts

"So sweetly virtuous and pure,
And yet a little pert, be sure!"

Future Occupation: Undecided

THOMAS B. GREENE
Newport, Rhode Island

"I will bind myself to that which, once being right, will not be less right when I shrink from it."

Future Occupation: Preacher

ORA MOORE
Binghamton, New York

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."

Future Occupation: Undecided

LOIS A. BURGESS
Cambridge, Mass.

"A nice person, neither too tall nor too short, looks clean and cheerful, never foolishly affronted, and void of affectations."

Future Occupation: Undecided

GEORGE A. ROGERS
Benton, N. B.

"I keep true to my faith and my vows."

Chairman Managing Committee of Evangelistic Association
Member Finance Committee of Evangelistic Association
Future Occupation: Preacher

DOVE B. HENSON
Wollaston, Massachusetts

"And just being happy
Is brave work and true."

Future Occupation: College Professor

ROY HARDY
Westford, Vermont

"He was frank,
Fresh, hardy, of joyous mind and strong."

Future Occupation: Preacher

Trivia

The Siamese Twins of Human Existence

A brilliant French writer in one of his stories presents in riddle form the two most important facts in the existence of any person.

"Of all the things in the world, what is the longest, the shortest, the speediest, the slowest, the most divisible, the most extensive, the most neglected, the most regretted; without which nothing can be done, which devours all that is small, and which quickens all that is great?"

"What is the thing which one receives without thanks, which one enjoys without knowing how, and which one loses without perceiving?"

The first is that indefinable something which we call TIME. The second is that mysterious something which we call LIFE.

Time and Life are the Siamese twins of human existence. Time is the most precious thing known to man; Life is the most sacred. At death scores of men have offered their fortunes in exchange for a little more time in which to live. Time cannot be purchased. It is not affected by the affairs of men. It comes and goes, was, is, and will be, in spite of the inventions of human ingenuity. Life is unexplainable. Scientists have searched in vain for its source. When life once leaves the body it is gone forever so far as man's search for it is concerned.

Yet time can be so used as to make life a monotonous thing, a burden to be dreaded. And life can be thought so lightly of as to make time valueless. The worth of a man's life depends on the use he makes of time. The value of his time depends on the value he sets on life.

R. V. D.

Character

Have you ever stood before yourself unmasked? Have you ever placed yourself under the microscope for inspection? Have you ever turned a corner and suddenly come face to face with yourself? If so, whom did you recognize? What did you see? Whom did you meet? Was the revelation a bitter disappointment or a pleasant surprise? I can tell you whom you recognized, what you saw, whom you met. It was your real self, your true self, your self indeed, the self that you alone can know: your character.

R. F.

Autumn

Leaves lie huddled and crumpled on the ground. Their flaming tints have faded into dull and somber tones. A few still cling to the branches, as if unwilling to lose even so slight a hold on life. They, too, are shriveled and curled. Many have perished in bonfires, giving up their lives in colorful incense to Autumn. Some lie in forgotten corners, too insignificant even for the sportive wind to play with. It is the old age of the year.

L. D.

My Desire

Dropping off into semi-consciousness, I felt the earth recede and fairy-land draw near. A tall, beautiful fairy came to me and said, "O wayfarer of earth, ask what you will and I will give it unto thee." As she waved her golden wand, I thought. What did I desire most?

At last I burst forth: "Give me the physique of Hercules, the intellect of Aristotle, the will of Napoleon, the strategy of Alexander, the wisdom of Solomon, the oratory of Gladstone, the leadership of Roosevelt, the uprightness of Lincoln, the courage of Beecher, the principles of Bryan, the piety of Knox, the perseverance of Saint Paul, and the love of the Beloved Disciple John."

"Is that your highest desire?" said the fairy. "Think again."

I thought.

Suddenly, startled, I cried out, "O fairy, I had forgotten! Above all other desires, give me Christ. Having Him I shall have all these. And more than that, Christ in me shall be the Hope of Glory."

R. V. D.

Arrows

Don't be content with the bird in the hand; aim for the two in the bush also. [W. G. A.]

Content not thyself with thyself. [R. M.]

Do not ask to be shown anything until you have tried to find out. [I. H.]

You may not have a lot of brains, but what few you have can't afford to rust. [D. H.]

Expert sailors are not made by smooth seas. [S. M.]

He who lives for others lives aright. [A. R.]

Do not change trains in the middle of a tunnel. [R. V. D.]

Breseean Literary Society

OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
Ethelyn Peavey	*President*	DeForest Shields
John W. Ames	*Vice-President*	Dorothy Goodnow
Freda Hayford	*Secretary*	Edith Angell
Wesley Angell	*Treasurer*	Dalph Fry
Dorothy Goodnow	*Program Committee*	L. D. Benner
Clarence J. Haas	*Sergeant-at-Arms*	Charles E. Deware

Do you remember the course we all took in the Bresecan College of Fun? When Lurla Dwinell was Dean, and President Nease the naughty Freshman, and Professor Goozee grumbled at having to register for Domestic Science?

And you haven't forgotten the splendid Commencement program with the weighty Hammer and Tongs, and the learned study of Browning and Faust by one of our Seniors, and Wesley Archibald's sagacious analysis of Presidential Possibilities?

And this year Professor Abner Thompson's marvelous reading of Hamlet? That was sponsored by B. L. S., and the proceeds were given to the college library in the form of a set of Shakespeare.

And since we moved down from our nest under the eaves for a program a month in the chapel, B. L. S. is better than ever. Especially the Chaucer evening, when at roll call Mrs. Gardner responded, "He was as fresshe as is the month of May," and the Faculty Adviser pleaded, "Have me excused of myn ignorance," and the Juniors gave us their adaptation of the Canterbury Tales—which, by the way, appears in outline on the opposite page.

Junior Class Program

When glad October's fresh autumnal ways
Were changing to November's chill, bleak days
When faithful students pore o'er endless books
And lose their former gay and healthy looks
And burn the electric lights till early dawn,
Then go to classes stifling sleepy yawns.
At such a time of year the ZR-3
Started a mighty trip from E. N. C.
The *Shenandoah* gave them first a race,
But soon began to slacken in her pace.
Nothing there was to keep excitement high,
So bored they were, they felt their end was nigh.
So after three short days the ZR's crew
Decided to establish something new,
A gathering they called for Friday night
In which they trusted genius would burn bright.
Then lots were duly chosen to see who
Should entertain the others of the crew.
The lot fell strangely to a group of six
Who thought themselves sure in a fearful fix.
But hope it springeth ever in the breast;
They courage took and set to work with zest.
But at this point, while I have time and space
Before I farther in this tale shall pace —
Observe I follow good Old Chaucer's Plan —
It might be well to pause and if we can
Learn who was who, what station each was in;
And at a preacher will we now begin.

(Description omitted of Evangelist, Elocutionist, Singer, Nurse, Educator, Missionary.)

So when the evening damps began to fall,
Into the ZR's cabin came they all.
With one accord they cried the preacher's name.
He first should speak — and to the front he came.

CLARENCE HAAS—A Summer's Experience in the Evangelistic Field.

When ended was his tale of joys and woes
Dame Dwinell looked about and proudly rose.
"I know a tale of human loves and fears
That cannot fail to melt you all to tears.
Full often as I've toured the country o'er
I've spoken it to countless thousands more."

LURLA DWINELL—Reading: *Almiry Ann.*

In thinking of the tale of Almiry Ann,
Our crew grew thoughtful. Now each eye began
To turn to our sweet singer, Madam Gale;
"Give us a song to cheer us as we sail."

DORIS GALE—Vocal Solo: *Sweetheart.*

Charmed by the melody of joyous notes,
We almost had forgotten men and boats.
Our preacher roused us. "Where is our head nurse?
Is she not bound her secrets to rehearse?
Wisdom like hers should not be hoarded tight—
But shared with others it may bless Earth's night."

MARGARET PATIN—Ideals of the Nursing Profession.

"The nurse's calling is most noble shown,
But are not others just as glorious known?
Call up our teacher—let him show his skill.
We'll listen—let him tell us what he will."
So spoke our singer, and we all sat hushed
To learn the truths that from his wise mind gushed.

R. DEFOREST SHIELDS, assisted by MISS PHILLIPS and MR. HAAS — *Pantomime.*

When ended was this demonstration grand
How thought and action aye go hand in hand,
Our missionary rose and shyly said,
"No gift have I to dazzle human thought,
Unless it be the gift of loving God
And every object that His hand hath made.
And so one night when all were sleeping here
I watched and saw and wrote as you shall hear."

IRVA PHILLIPS—Notes from My Diary: *Looking Down on Palestine.*

CLARENCE HAAS—*Taps.*

Inasmuch

Once I was a dewdrop. One day the Master called all the dewdrops to Him and said, "Little friends, I have a mission for you. To-night you are going to earth and you must each bear one of these tiny cups of water. Down there are hundreds of flowers dying that can be saved only by this nectar. You have enough for one flower—no more—and the weeds are just as dear to me as the garden flowers. You must give yourselves for the life of the flowers. But he who loses his life shall save it, for he shall live forever in the blossoms and the leaves."

Carefully holding our little cups, we slipped down into the friendly darkness. On all sides, the flowers were crying for the life-giving nectar. Some of my friends stayed, but I went on, searching for the most beautiful of all flowers, one worthy for me to live in forever. Blue harebells and golden dandelions called to me, but I brushed by them scornfully. I was looking for something better. If my whole life was to be given for one flower, I would choose the best of all. All night long I searched. But in the morning my enemies, the fairy sunbeams, came out and sent me scurrying home.

Each night I journeyed and each morning the Master looked at me more and more sorrowfully. He pitied me, and, what was worse, He was disappointed in me. One night I wandered back over the familiar paths, determining to seek no longer. My heart was heavy with the realization of my selfishness and with the memory of the sad countenance of the Master. It would be better to give my life for the coarsest weed than to grieve His heart again.

"Please, kind sir, will you give me your nectar?"

It was only a little wild briar-rose who spoke, but she looked at me so pleadingly that I quickly replied, "Yes, if you will let me rest on your soft petals. I am very tired."

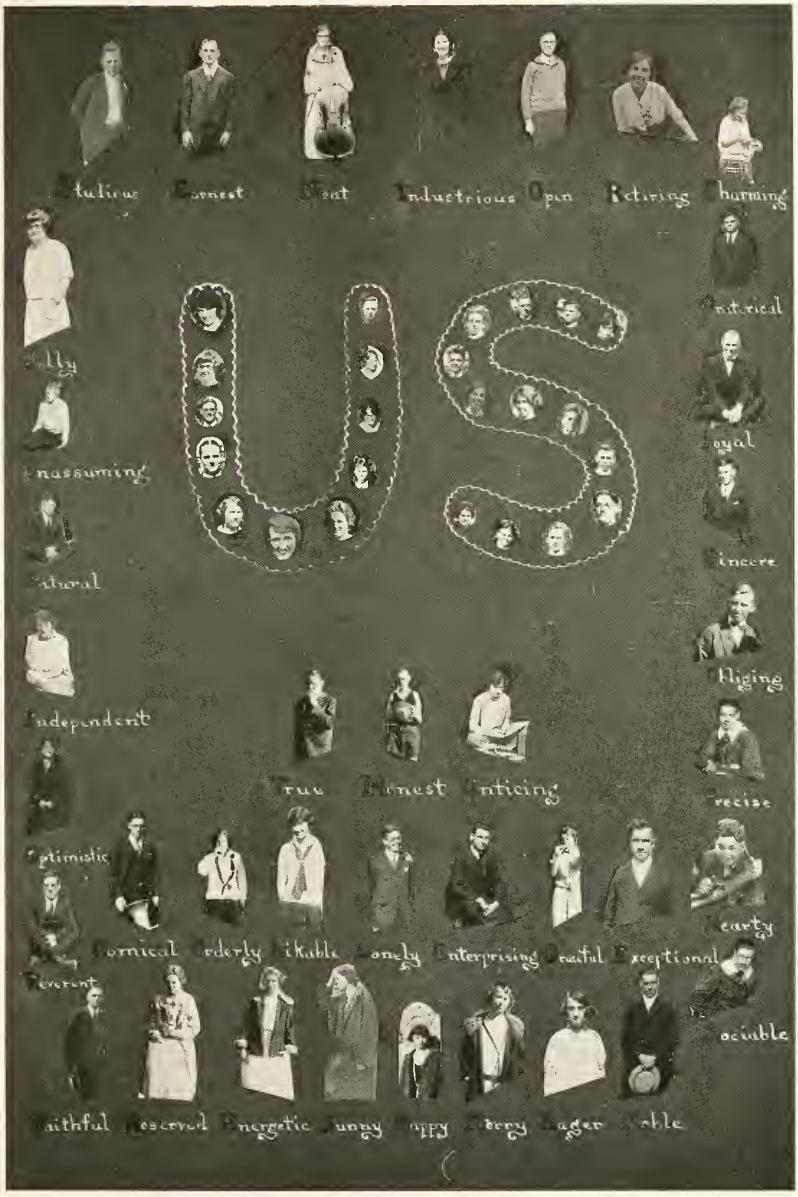
All night I stayed and talked with the rose. I confessed my selfishness to her, and she comforted me, saying, "It is well you gave me the nectar, for the Master would soon have taken away your cup."

The life-giving nectar refreshed the drooping little rose. Her dying leaves grew fresh and green, and her petals became crisp and firm. I was so happy in giving my all that I forgot my enemies, the fairy sunbeams, and one of them found me. I looked up at him, and lo, he smiled at me and mirrored in my face the pink of the velvety petals, the emerald of the leaves, the blue of the heavens, and the golden heart of the little briar-rose.

Then the Master came. The sadness and pity were gone from His eyes, and He spoke to me tenderly. "You have chosen the good part. Henceforth you shall live on in loveliness, keeping your beautiful colors; for inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto me."

Now I am an opal!

Lurla M. Dwinell.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THE GREEN BOOK is published twice a semester by the members of the Freshman College Rhetoric Class.

Editor: Wesley Gale Angell
Business Manager: Armond Rush
Art Editor: Ruth Fess

Its bracing editorials, timely essays, unhackneyed humor, lively "ads," and original illustrations make it one of the most popular magazines of our library shelf.

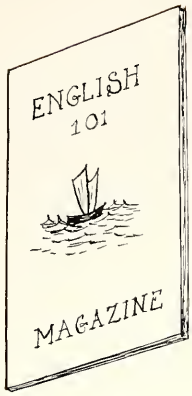
Following is an editorial from the current issue.

One Jump Ahead

Did you ever miss a train by an eyelash; flunk a test by a point; or lose your proper credit because you handed in your theme a day late? If so, you are only human. Why did you miss the train? Why did you flunk the test? Why did you lose your credit? It was because you were not on time; because you failed to study that extra page; because you wrote your theme the day after instead of the day before,—in short, because you were not one jump ahead. It is the poor student who puts off his work and allows it to pile up on him. It is the good student who by planning before keeps one jump ahead of his work. If you learn this secret you will be able to hold your head high and face the professors with a smile. Your report card will show the difference. You will have learned a secret of success, one jump ahead.

—The Editor.

My English Teacher



It is queer how some people never change with years, but are the same when we grow up as when we were little tots. My English teacher is such a person. She must be getting old now, but she does not think of retiring, for she knows she cannot trust me yet to do my work alone. A woman never lived more patient and faithful than she. I never knew her to grow tired of reproving or helping me, and she is always at her post. If I say, "Uh-huh" or "Yep," she whispers that I should have said "Yes," or "Certainly." Often I say "Nope"; she tells me never to put the "p" on again. Sometimes I am so careless as to say, "ain't," or even, "I hain't got none." Then she is sure to reprove me. If I use slang expressions or pronounce words incorrectly, she will most certainly speak to me about them. She watches over my writing as well. Of course, when I compose some special article she does not need to correct me so much. But when I write letters to my friends, or notes for my own keeping, then she is on my trail. She tells me if I am going to make good English spontaneous, I must never be careless; reminding me that Socrates taught that practices grow into habits, and habits become second nature. She frequently tells me that a youngster could write as well as I, when I do not take pains. My sentences are a jumble; my punctuation is wretched; and my unity is—well, just not there. She also superintends my reading. She is intensely interested in all that goes to form my literary tastes.

Now, though this teacher has been with me all my life, I do not know her name. But I am sure that she must be at least a cousin of Conscience: perhaps she is my English Conscience.

Everyone has this teacher. Some may never have recognized her, but to all self-made persons she is a marvelous help. It is through her that lasting progress is made. The tendency of the present day is toward laziness and carelessness. There are few young people who do not have a high school education; many have college training. But most of them seem to think that in going through the "courses," English will mechanically be worked into their brains. Some even seem to consider it the work of the school teacher to pry open a pigeonhole of their brain and pack the knowledge in, so that it can be worked spontaneously. But school teachers are only assistants of this head teacher, and work in conjunction with her.

We need today a revival of good English. A person can use almost any kind of English, and nothing will be said and little thought. We are too careless of our speech. But a revival will not be brought about by more nor better college professors. It will come by the practice of what we already know in loyal obedience to our English Conscience.

FREDA A. HAYFORD.

(Editorial from the ENGLISH 101 MAGAZINE, published once a semester by the students of advanced English Composition.)

On Looking Over My Proofs

As I look at my proofs for the first time I am filled with righteous indignation. Immediately I take issue with the gentleman who said that the camera never lies. I have become a skeptic. Each moment the conviction grows firmer and firmer that the camera was invented by none other than that famous prevaricator, Ananias. I am going to take these back and have another sitting, I promise myself.

On second thought, however, I decide I won't. Last year I told Oppenheim that I was not satisfied with my pictures and the look I received haunts me yet. It was a cold, calculating stare, the kind an undertaker gives you as he says, "Good morning."

"What could ve do?" said that Jewish photographer. "It vill cost you vun dollar for another sitting."

I glance again at the proofs. "Be brave and face your facts," says the first one. "Why blame the camera?" echoes the second. "See yourself as others see you," adds the third.

Picking up number one, I hold it to the light. With its pugilistic chin, the crooked nose giving a wry twist to the face, the sullen look around the eyes and mouth, all it needs is a few fingerprints to make it a picture worthy of any rogues' gallery. It is the stamp of face one sees decorating posters offering one thousand dollars' reward for the arrest and conviction of So-and-So. Some sympathetic friend looks over my shoulder and murmurs, "My! How like you it looks." At once, I lose all respect for his judgment.

I turn to the next proof, the very image of a grinning idiot. The wise photographer had told me to put "a little more joy" in it, and this was the result. The fact that my ears protrude from my head like wings does not add an iota to my self-esteem. I throw it aside in disgust.

Do I dare look at the remaining one or would the shock be too great? I lift it gingerly. It isn't so very bad. It is the least of the three evils, in spite of the fact that it makes me look like a Swede. I am quite partial to this side view of my head. I like the way my hair is combed. This proof does not reveal that my nose is crooked and my ears stick out. The eyes show some intelligence, slight as it may be, and the mouth has a little smile to it.

The bell rings for Greek class. Hastily I slip the third proof into the envelope, seal it, and as I pass through the corridor I will drop it in the mail basket.

Wesley Gale Angell, '28.

ACADEMY
Senior
Junior
Sophomore
Freshman

College Preparatory and Academy Department

R. WAYNE GARDNER, A. M.
Principal of Academy

Olivet College, S.B., 1918; Bates College; Boston University, A.M., 1924; State Secretary-Treasurer of Illinois I. P. A., 1917–1918; Instructor in Mathematics, Olivet College, 1917–1918; Pastor Church of the Nazarene, Bath, Maine, 1918–1920; Principal of Academy of Eastern Nazarene College, 1920–; Secretary of the Faculty of Eastern Nazarene College, 1923–; President N. Y. P. S. of the New England District; Vice-President of the Sunday School Association of the New England District; Superintendent of the Wollaston Sunday School; Member of the Association of Mathematics Teachers of New England; Member of the Mathematics Association of America.

STUDENTS' ORGANIZATION OF THE ACADEMY DEPARTMENT

Elsie C. Gatherer, *President*
James Young, *Vice-President*
Georgia Churchill, *Secretary*
Alton Perkins, *Treasurer*

College Preparatory Department

"A chain is no stronger than its weakest link." A building is no more stable than its foundation. It might also be said in the field of human thought that an intellectual superstructure depends on its foundation. The years of preparation, of learning and mastering the tools of educational activity, may well be considered of most import. The College Preparatory Department of Eastern Nazarene College, with its aims of Christian Education, is endeavoring to build a solid educational foundation for its students.

This aim cannot be realized by providing simply the facts of Christian Education, but it necessitates that the same be given under the best possible Christian environment. Eastern Nazarene College seeks, with its devout faculty and student body, the highest realization of true Christian fellowship.

The presentation of facts, divorced from all that would undermine faith, given under Christian influence would still fail to meet the highest aim, that of a foundation in Christian character. To provide an adequate and efficient preparation for the student and to help him realize the worthy aims of true Christian Education, chief of which is character building, is indeed the aim of the College Preparatory Department of Eastern Nazarene College.

R. Wayne Gardner.

Academy Senior Class

Elsie C. Gatherer, *President*
Jesse S. Richardson, *Secretary-Treasurer*

Flower: Daisy
Colors: White and Gold

Motto
"Facta non verba"

CLASS ROLL

Elsie Coutts Gatherer
Jesse Stanford Richardson
Grace Dorothy DeSalvo
Augusta Mae Bentley

Senior Class

ELSIE COUTTS GATHERER
Cleveland, Ohio

"Around the one who seeks a noble end
Not angels, but divinities attend."

President of Senior Class
Student Council
President of Academy Department
Corresponding Secretary of Missionary Society
Future Occupation: Missionary to Africa

Elsie Gatherer is our lass from bonny Scotland—the personification of sweetness and goodness. She is always ready and eager to lend a helping hand, whether it be in writing letters to missionaries or in battling for the rights of the Academy in Student Council Meeting. She is one of the staunch upholders of the girls' prayer meetings, and we predict that her service in Africa will be characterized by the Christ-like spirit that she has shown here.

GRACE DOROTHY DeSALVO
Spring Valley, New York

"She was a plain, honest lass, healthy and happy and good, and with that sort of beauty that comes of happiness and health."

Future Occupation: Teacher

Grace DeSalvo has been with us only one year, but she has won many friends among us. She has the charm that usually accompanies sparkling eyes and fluffy brown hair. We think Grace must have been born on Friday, for she is always "loving and giving"; her generosity is widely known, especially among the girls of the Mansion. May her future pupils appreciate her as much as we do!

Senior Class

AUGUSTA MAE BENTLEY
Bellmore, New York

"Nothing hinders or daunts me."

Program Committee of Athenian
Literary Society
Future Occupation: Missionary to India

Augusta Bentley came this year to join the ranks of our New Yorkers. Her good-nature and class spirit have endeared her to her classmates. She is always busy, either typing, working, or making coffee for her room-mate. She has assisted enthusiastically in the mission work in Boston and we trust that the experience gained there will be of value to her in her future service in India.

JESSE STANFORD RICHARDSON
Danielson, Conn.

"Who comprehends his trus , and to the same
Keeps faithful, with a singleness of aim."

Secretary-Treasurer of Senior Class
Future Occupation: Preacher

Jesse Richardson came to us four years ago from Danielson. Since then he has been one of our most faithful students. He has worked diligently about the school; we all remember and appreciate his untiring efforts in kitchen, class room and cellar. Our best wishes go with him in his future field of ministry, and we are sure that the conscientious attention he has given to his preparation will "not return unto him void."

Junior Class

Ede, Bush, Young, Fuller, Strother, Poole, Peavey, Allen
Stebbins, Gardner, Churchill, Perkins, Foote, Pillsbury
Deware, Angell, Michelson, Myatt

ALTON PERKINS, *President* — HELEN STEBBINS, *Secretary*
RUTH EDE, *Vice-President* — EDNA FOOTE, *Treasurer*

PROFESSOR GARDNER, *Adviser*

Colors: GARNET AND GOLD
Flower: AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE
Motto: "AT IT, ALL AT IT, ALWAYS AT IT"

Name	Noted for	Ambition	Redeeming Virtue
1. Hazel Allen	Extemporaneous lectures to Dot	To be head of a dining-room	Good nature
2. Edna Bush	Conferences with the Dean	A professorship in classical languages	A good sport
3. Alton Perkins	Absent-mindedness	To sing and preach	Always the same
4. Georgia Churchill	Getting her beauty sleep	A course in domestic science	Neatness
5. Ruth Ede	Letting George do it	To rival Kreisler	Her quiet manner
6. John Poole	Late exams	To see "Vermont"	Plodding
7. Dorothy Fuller	Holding extended conversations	To be a minister's wife	Threefold musician: voice, uke, piano
8. Edna Foote	Taking it out on the uke	To 'Waite" a while	Just her music
9. Chester Angell	Talking	To get China on the radio	Wit
10. Josephine Kropf	Eating	To know it all	Sunny disposition
11. Helen Pillsbury	Writing letters	To be a horticulturist	Her golden locks
12. James Young	Ringing bells	Home beyond the skies	Hospitality
13. Sadie Peavey	Giving orders	To be a spinster	Demureness
14. Louis Michelson	Skunk hunting	To get by	Generosity
15. Suzanne Strother	Being almost late to English III	To be a concert master	Her ready smile
16. Stanley Deware	Ambition (?)	A (n) ice-man	Smile
17. Helen Stebbins	Playing the piano	To be a real cook	Ability to fry
18. Ernest Myatt	"Cutting up"?	An education by "degrees"	Regard for others

Sophomore Class

Young, Jeffrey, Loeffler, Kunz, Foote

PAUL LOEFFLER, *President*

DOROTHY JEFFREY, *Secretary-Treasurer*

Colors: SILVER AND LIGHT BLUE

DOROTHY JEFFREY

Dorothy is so very quiet
She seems just like a Quaker.
When she leaves this dear old school
No doubt she'll be someone's baker.

NAOMI KUNZE

A carefree miss is she,
Whose likes are not for books,
But bright and happy looks.
She's as busy as a bee.

PAUL LOEFFLER

Day and night with might and main
Paul works high honors to attain.
Studying or traveling, or tending fires
It seems this six-footer never tires.

NATHALIE YOUNG

Our Nathalie is a bonnie lass;
At asking questions none her surpass.
She's friendly, but never makes a show,
She has a "pet" temper, as we all know.

OLIVE FOOTE

Olive is her given name;
She goes on Foote and not on wing.
But when she leaves old E. N. C.
Will she with the Angells sing?

Freshman Class

Marshey, Burt, Lovejoy, Wigglund, Allen, Tremere
Dunning, Horne, Deware, Lovejoy, Butts
Richardson, Knutson, Dickey

President, G. Allison Horne
Vice-President, Marjorie Deware
Secretary, Evelyn Dunning
Treasurer, Arthur Lovejoy

Class Colors: Purple and Gold

Class Motto: "Labor omnia vincit"

We are Freshmen tried and true;
Don't you wish that you were, too?
Out for God and Holiness
Bravely we the battle press.
Housewives or preachers,
Stenographers or teachers,
All to bless the nations round
Till millions Jesus Christ have found.

On Riding Pegasus with Spurs

"Do you call that thing a horse? He hasn't got enough energy to sleep," was the disrespectful way the visitor described Pegasus. "I'll give you five dollars if you can make that apparition move faster than a walk," he challenged.

Now, in spite of his appearance, Pegasus was a horse of noble breeding, coming from a line of army chargers. He was not the most beautiful horse I have ever seen. It is a wonder he was not top-heavy with such a big rectangular head and such a small slender body. He had lazy eyes, a mane hopelessly entangled with burs, a scrawny neck, long skinny legs, big hip-bones, and a rope-like tail.

I decided to attempt to win that five dollars by trying to make Pegasus run.

After much slapping and striking, I managed to make him move over in the stall far enough so that I could untie his halter. Stumbling, tripping and shambling, Pegasus at last was led outside the barn. While I was busy thinking of some new method to make Pegasus run, that worthy decided that he must take a nap before the festivities began.

At last I had an idea. I woke him up, got a firm hold on his tail, and started to twist and pull it. My first two efforts failed miserably. The third time, closing my eyes, I pulled and twisted. But I opened them just in time to see a pair of poorly-shod hoofs coming toward my chest. However, I did not strike the ground as hard as I thought I would.

This inconsiderate action on the part of Pegasus and the vision of a five-dollar bill on my part made me determined to make him run or to never touch another horse for the rest of my life. Therefore I disappeared into the barn and returned with a pair of rather dull spurs, the first ones I could find. Jumping onto Pegasus, I immediately began to apply them vigorously. He evidently considered the action a caress, for he started to fall asleep. Again and again, with little result, I dug those spurs into his apparently unimpressionable hide.

But I was not discouraged. My resolution that Pegasus was going to run became stronger. Going again to the barn, I returned, this time with a brand new pair of shining triple-gauge spurs. Onto Pegasus' board-like back I climbed, and proceeded to use them. Pegasus commenced to realize that these were spurs that did something more than soothe him to sleep. Hope was beginning to dawn upon me, for Pegasus started to move with the speed of a well-conducted funeral procession. After I rubbed the spurs faithfully and vigorously, I at last managed to wear through Pegasus' hide. Then the fun began. He wiggled his ears, nodded his head, shook his tail, and started. Realizing that something was going to happen, I hung my hat on his hip-bone and clung with both hands to his mane. The source of Pegasus' energy I did not know, but I did know that we were going too fast for comfort, that Pegasus' backbone was not the softest spot in the world. He headed toward a fence at break-neck speed, stopped short, and threw me into a blackberry bush. I picked myself out of the briars. Looking around, I saw Pegasus shambling back to the barn, ready for a long sleep after his exertions.

I received the five dollars, but I would give anyone the same amount who would try to ride Pegasus with spurs.

Chester Angell.

Athenian Literary Society

First Semester		*Second Semester*
James Young	*President*	Alton Perkins
Ernest Myatt	*Vice-President*	Chester Smith
Edna Butts	*Secretary*	Ruth Ede
Elsie Gatherer	*Treasurer*	Albert Smith
Albert Smith	*Chaplain*	C. Ray Hagerman
Alton Perkins	*Sergeant-at-Arms*	Paul Loeffler

Only a little shriveled seed,
It might be a flower, or grass, or weed;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window-ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers;
Only a few clear shining hours;
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,
A blossom-wonder, as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Van Dyke.

Only a seed, but it had a mission,—yes, it had more; it had hidden marvelous possibilities.

The scribes and monks of the Dark Ages pored over dusty books hour after hour, year after year. They thought they were becoming educated and intellectual, and perhaps they were It was necessary in that day to preserve the remnants of learning and civilization, and we believe their work was planned for a purpose by God. However, that kind of training would not benefit the humanity of today. In this period of higher criticism and world problems, Christianity cannot hide its face in book covers and scribble with quills. It must meet the challenge; it must awake and bring every available faculty into use.

The aim of the Athenian Literary Society is to discover new possibilities, awaken self-activity, and aid in the development of individual personality. When we become conscious of ourselves, we find that we are in a much bigger world than we ever dreamed could possibly exist. We are called to greater tasks; more than that, we are called to create our own jobs and adapt ourselves to every condition and circumstance. That is true education.

Athenian Literary Program

April 3, 1925

PART I—ON NATURE

Roll Call	Quotations from Wordsworth
Invocation	Chaplain
Piano Solo To a Wild Rose (*MacDowell*) To Autumn (*MacDowell*)	Dorothy Fuller
Sugaring in Vermont	Helen Stebbins
Snowbound (*Whittier*)	Edna Foote
Jingle Bells (*Pierpont*)	Dorothy Fuller James Young Helen Stebbins Ernest Myatt
My Experiences in a Lumber Camp	Fraser Dunlop
Among the Orange Groves	Eleanor Tremere
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny	*Banjo*, Alton Perkins *Guitar*, Ernest Myatt

PART II—ON HUMAN NATURE

Oracle	Augusta Bentley Helen Pillsbury Chester Angell
E. N. C. Chatter	Edna Foote Helen Pillsbury Sadie Peavey Beryl Joye

Snapshots

By the Seashore

On a beautiful day in June two of my friends and I visited the seashore. It was not a summer resort, but just one of the many beautiful spots along the Atlantic coast.

The shore line at this place was in a circular form made by a rocky bluff on one side and a small neck of land on the other, that shot out several rods into the sea. These points were approximately one-half mile apart, and the sweeping shore line made a deep basin somewhat like a small bay.

The sand on the beach was peculiarly fine and white; but the most striking picture of all was the manner in which the waves washed in to the shore. Great rolling seas, not angrily, but wearily stole in, as if seeking a harbor of peaceful rest after a long voyage of ceaseless travel. These seas naturally reached first the point of rocks which projected out into the water; this caused them to break, and as they followed around the shore, a beautiful picture of white, curling foam started at the ledges and rolled to the neck of land on the other side. Each succeeding billow followed the same route, and by the time one of these splashing waves had circled around the bay, several others were following in close succession, each wave apparently finding at last its desired rest.

As I looked upon the scene, I thought of that land "beyond the blue," where tired, weary travelers amid the songs of angel choirs, the happy greetings of friends and loved ones, the glad welcome of the King of that fair country, enter into their eternal rest.

F. A. D.

The Stage-Coach

Tucked away in one corner of the big carriage-room at home is a relic of by-gone days. It is an old-fashioned stage-coach. People seem to think of stages in connection with pioneer days in the West, but it wasn't so long ago that they were driven here in New England. At least, I can remember when my father drove this one about ten years ago, and at that time it was the only public conveyance to the railroad town, ten miles distant.

The wheels are about twice the size of buggy wheels and the spokes are so small they would hardly seem able to carry the weight of the stage. There are three wide, commodious seats with peculiarly-wrought iron armrests on either side. An old-fashioned whip-socket is attached to the dasher. Over the top there is a leather covering with a gorgeously-fringed edge.

Though it is ramshackle and old and dilapidated, the stage-coach still maintains what dignity it can in a lone corner of the room, as if it were too aristocratic to mix with the lumber-wagons, bob-sleds, buggies, and sleighs which fill the rest of the shed.

O. B. '28

Snapshots

Morning at a Logging Camp

Breakfast is over in the dining-room. A rush is made for the hovels. Lanterns are flitting about in the gray darkness that always precedes the dawn; while the teamsters are hurriedly fastening the horses' feed onto the logging sleds. Then a scraping of hoofs and a clanging of bells are heard, and the horses come rushing out of the hovels. Shouts from the teamsters ring out on the frosty air as they direct the horses to their own sleds. The pole clicks into the neck-yoke, the traces are quickly fastened, and amid a chorus of loud "get-ups," the teams jog down the hauling road. The chiming of the bells grows fainter and fainter, until eventually no sound is heard, except the creaking of the tall trees and an occasional call of the chick-a-dee.

F. D.

A Woodland Stream

I was taking a walk in the woods one June day when I came upon a little brook dancing along over its pebbly bed. An old log fallen across it had lain there so long that it was covered with moss. On the banks of the stream were many flowers. A pink and white anemone peeped out from the huge leaves of the wild ginger plant. A Jack-in-the-pulpit nodded to the song which the brook sang as it leaped over the sticks and grass which had fallen into the water. The sun filtered through the trees and played tag with the bits of bark that were borne along with the current. Moss and weeds grew in the cracks of the old wooden bridge that extended across the stream. The birds sang as they sat upon its railings and trees bent over it as if trying to shelter it from any storm that might come.

When I returned to the little brook in December I could still hear snatches of its song as it rushed on underneath the ice.

A. L. '28

A Moonlight Night

As I stand by my window on a snapping cold winter evening and watch the gray twilight cast soft shadows over the landscape, a sense of peace and tranquillity steals over me.

Soon a silvery glow in the east shines on the soft fleecy clouds racing across the sky. A rim of the pale moon shows through the trees at the mountain top. Higher and higher it creeps, ever hurrying through the wind-swept skies, and yet never getting any nearer its goal. Over the white country-side the moon sheds an eerie light that is almost as the light of day. Tall solemn trees cast huge black shadows toward the west, the crusted snow gleams like crystal, and the ice-covered river winding through the valley is one shining thread of silver.

At last the white silence is shattered by the mournful bay of a hound, that echoes and re-echoes through the hills. As the wind whistles through bare branches of the huge maples, they creak and groan, and their black shadows writhe and twitch into fantastic shapes.

I shiver and creep into bed.

O. B. '28

Sub-Preparatory Department

As unto the house the foundation is,
So unto the academy are we.
Tho' you hate us, yet you must have us,
Tho' you escape us, yet you suffer,
Useless each of you without us.

We, the above mentioned, are golden bricks used in the formation of a basement wall for the academy structure. Perhaps when you first observe us you won't realize we are gold, but think us just plain brick. You may not even see us in your haste to enter the building which rests upon us; but we are there, and should you enter without heeding us you will suffer time after time pangs of remorse for your oversight.

But if you tarry awhile, examine us, study us, you will find we are bricks of History, Grammar, and Geography. Our motto is Reading and Spelling and we are decorated with mathematical hieroglyphics. You will become so interested in our formation and construction that you will leave the path of our golden rays reluctantly. But how firmly and victoriously, how calmly and proudly you are enabled now to enter our superstructure.

C. M. G.

Punctuality

Were you ever late? If you plead guilty, then you are the person I want to talk to. I admit I have been late, myself, occasionally.

I shall never forget how one day I delayed on my way to school. I had left home in time, but that spirit of wanting to do something different from the usual took possession of me. I wandered slowly over the daisy field, picked flowers, gazed around me, and then sat down to daydreams for awhile. Suddenly I came to myself and immediately thought of school. Visions of an angry teacher, severe punishment, and a note being sent home, came before my mind. Hastily I picked up my hat and then ran, not daring to stop until I came in sight of my prison house.

Stealthily I crept past the principal's room, rushed up the stairs, and opened the classroom door. The teacher was writing on the blackboard, and, thinking I was not noticed, I quickly gained my seat.

Instantly the teacher turned, a question rang out, and that fatal finger pointed at me. Baffled and bewildered, I stammered out an incoherent answer. Immediately I was called to the desk, and received all that had flashed across my mind when I had come to earth again in the daisy field. How I vowed I would never again delay on my way to school.

The delicious pleasure of feeling independent of school and teacher did not compensate for the pain and shame incurred.

How human it is for us mortals to desire the last word when talking to a friend, even though we know that the second bell has ceased to sound. Just one more look in the mirror, one more unnecessary hair-pin tucked in, one more hasty ramble through the coat pockets, and a dash downstairs, regardless of the fact that the chapel bell has rung and the piano is sounding forth its peals of music.

The five-minute warning has been given for supper, but we continue reading, assuring ourselves that we have five more long minutes yet. A faint clang is heard, and with a start we realize that the five long minutes have gone. Grabbing a coat we rush downstairs, arriving in time to hear the "Amen" of the blessing, or to find that everyone is already seated.

Oh, why do we neglect to entertain that quality called punctuality? It does not bring shame or dishonor; it does not detract from our good name or character; rather it gives cause for pride, wins respect, and is a worthy addition to our virtues.

There is, in the world today, a premium set on the young man or woman who is habitually punctual. What will the business manager not do to have at least one stenographer he can positively count on, who will be in her place by 8.30 A.M.? Punctuality is of intrinsic value in the world today. Indeed, some people will judge our whole character by the way we keep or fail to keep our appointments.

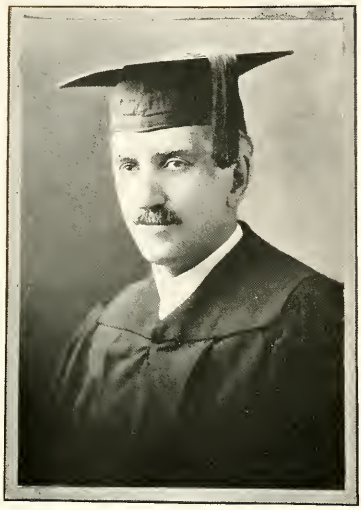
If we neglect and continue to neglect until we have formed a strong, almost unbreakable habit of tardiness, we may some day miss that which would give us complete success in life, by being five minutes too late.

Then, if such is the value of this quality, shall we not seek to make it one of ours, even as Faustus sought knowledge.

E. C. G. '25

THEOLOGY

Theological Department



ERNEST E. ANGELL, S.T.L.
Dean of the Theological Department

Wesleyan Theological College; McGill University, S.T.L., 1899; Pastor Congregational Churches, East Barre and Orange, Vermont; Ordained in 1900; Pastor of the Grace Pentecostal Church, Saratoga Springs, New York, 1902–1904; Pastor John Wesley Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1904–1906; Principal Pentecostal Collegiate Institute, 1906–1914; Pastor Richmond Hill Church, New York, 1915–1918; District Superintendent New York District, 1917–1922; Head of the Theological Department, Eastern Nazarene College, 1922–; Member District Board of Missions; Member Court of Appeals, Church of the Nazarene; Pastor, Church of the Nazarene, Wollaston, Mass., 1922–.

STUDENTS' ORGANIZATION OF THE THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

C. Ray Hagerman, *President*

Albert W. Smith, *Vice-President*

Beryl Joye, *Secretary*

Roy P. Bowers, *Treasurer*

Theological Department

Eastern Nazarene College is numbered among the very few educational institutions that have given first place in their curriculum to Theology. We consider this to be only consistent with our general policy, that in all things God shall have the pre-eminence.

We are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ or of the Book which has given that glorious gospel to us. We consider that in the religious history of the world, the Bible has been proven worthy of being the ultimate authority in religion. This is the place the Bible occupies in our Theological Department. In our strictly Biblical Courses we make the Bible itself the text-book rather than books about the Bible. In matters of doctrine we believe the Word has given pre-eminence to "the doctrine of Christ." We find in a Christo-centric approach to all theological questions a vitalizing force in the personality of Christ that counteracts any tendency to ecclesiastical effeteness, and deadness. Our great aim is that our students of Theology may so partake of the resurrection life in Christ that they shall properly represent Him in all the future activities of their lives.

ERNEST E. ANGELL.

Theological Department

Paul, in describing the Christian Army, advised the Ephesian church to "take the Sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." Again in writing to the young preacher Timothy he said, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." We as a Theological Department have chosen for our motto "Seekers for truth." We feel fortunate in having Rev. E. E. Angell, Dean of the Theological Department, as our adviser. His heaven-born vision, his deep insight into truth, his grasp of present-day problems, his pious and godly life, his faithful instruction and wise counsel, have given us courage and inspiration and have led us out into wide realms of truth.

The Theological Department contains but a small percentage of those who are preparing for the Lord's service. Some are laying their foundation in the Academy, while others are registered in College.

We have in our department some pastors, some evangelists, and some prospective foreign missionaries. We have consecrated ourselves to the task of "girdling the globe with salvation, with Holiness unto the Lord" in our generation.

C. R. H.

Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Theology

Our Th.B. students are aiming to secure the best possible preparation for Christian work. First is laid a broad foundation of general knowledge—English, History, Science, and the like—and then in the last two years most of the time is devoted to Theology and Biblical Interpretation.

And the basis of all our work in Theology is contained in these two passages of Scripture: "Teach sound doctrine"—"Being filled with the Holy Ghost."

In this day when false doctrine abounds, when the wolf appears to grow wool, and when coldness and apathy in spiritual things are settling down over us like another Ice Age, we need more and more to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, and for the spiritual fire of Jeremiah.

How fatal is zeal without knowledge! For while it may perchance enable the preacher to save himself, yet it is liable to abridge his usefulness to others of keener mental powers and clearer insight. It is of the utmost importance to all Christian workers that they should be possessed of a well-balanced conception of truth and an accurate knowledge of the principles of the Kingdom.

But on the other hand, what is orthodoxy without the Spirit? It is a temperless tool. The form is there, but not the life. What Christ needs today is a ministry—and by that we mean all engaged in special forms of Christian work—which can preach and teach accurately with power. To produce such is the aim of this department; and we trust we are realizing that aim.

A. W. A.

Chapel Gleanings

The great missionary movement of modern times was born when three college boys met under a haystack to pray: what may grow out of an E. N. C. prayer meeting?

PROFESSOR HARRIS.

. . . . .

The fact that a supposed human point in a plane surface could realize nothing of third-dimension existence does not disprove the third dimension. Does the disbelief of third-dimension, earthly creatures in the God of a "fourth-dimension," spiritual space prove Him unreal?

PROFESSOR GARDNER.

. . . . .

A blighted, imperfect real rose is infinitely superior to a flawless wax rose, for it is living, and it contains the promise of hundreds of other roses. So a weak, faltering Christian is infinitely superior to a perfect moralist.

PROFESSOR HARRIS.

. . . . .

God is not looking for a chance to throw His children out of the family. If they make a blunder He chastens them, but He doesn't cast them off.

MRS. SLOAN.

. . . . .

Heart holiness must be worked out in ethical holiness: holiness "on the bells of the horses," holiness on every "pot" in E. N. C.

PRESIDENT NEASE.

. . . . .

What is your life? It is as if a stray bird flew through the chapel, entering at one window and passing out at another—so brief, coming from the unseen, going to the unseen.

DOCTOR ELLYSON.

. . . . .

"Opportunity is bald behind; you'll have to catch it by the forelock." Abraham Lincoln said, "I will prepare myself, and my day will come."

REV. E. E. MARTIN.

. . . . .

"A hasty decision does not bring good results."
"Don't be afraid to face the adverse side of a situation."
"No decision can be adequate without God."

REV. H. V. MILLER.

. . . . .

"Never loan your personality to anything but a right cause."
"The conviction that Christianity is a failure is common to many great thinkers who haven't tried it."

SELECTED.

. . . . .

The harvest is great, but the laborers are lazy. The harvest is great, but the laborers are frightened.

WALTER COLBY.

We Can Evangelize the World in Our Generation

"How long has Jesus been dead?" asked a wrinkled-face old Hindu woman, who had accepted Jesus as her Saviour. "Nearly nineteen hundred years," responded a consecrated missionary with chagrin.

"Nineteen hundred years!" cried the astonished Hindu. "Why didn't you come and tell my people of Jesus sooner? They would have listened gladly, but now they have died without hope. Oh, why did you wait so long?"

My Christian friends, do you realize that today there are more heathen in the world than there were one hundred years ago? Population has increased faster than Christianity. And yet the Christian world is unstirred. One thousand million people have never heard the name of Jesus.

For two or three centuries after the resurrection of Jesus, inspired souls spread revival fires in all directions, hundreds giving their lives for Christ. After the initial fervor had gradually cooled, it was not until the nineteenth century that the Christian Church again caught the vision of World-Wide Missions.

In 1813 that great soul Livingstone was born. In 1840 he sailed to South Africa as the pioneer cross-bearer. He blazed the trail, and finally after many years of service, died on his knees in the heart of the dark continent. In 1857 John G. Paton heard the call of the Spirit and bore the first light of the gospel to the New Hebrides. In 1885, William Taylor said good-bye to America and carried the message of salvation to Africa. In this same century, Morrison sailed to China, Judson to Burma and Carey to India. Following the fearless example of such heroes as these, thousands of young men and women dedicated their lives to God, and bleached their bones in heathen lands.

The great missionary movements, then, have been within the last one hundred years. Wonderful things have been accomplished. Martyrs' blood has been sown, and this seed is about to bring forth fruit.

Now for the proposition of this article: We can evangelize the world in our generation. What is a generation? Medical men and insurance companies inform us that the average life of an individual is thirty-three years. Accordingly the generation beginning today will end in 1958. It should be the greatest in the history of Missions.

Why should we expect to evangelize the world in our generation? In the first place, the mission fields are not closed to the gospel as they were a century ago. No time will be lost in gaining access to the people. The heathen are calling for help. Then, the inventions of the last century will help the missionaries to speed the evangelization of their territory. Fast plying steamships in place of the sailboats used by our pioneer preachers, automobiles for ox-carts, typewriters for quills, printing presses for hand-work, telephones, cablegrams, and radio, enable us to carry the gospel with an ease undreamed of a generation ago. Moreover, the Church has a missionary spirit such as she did not have one hundred years ago. This

spirit should be fanned into a great world-wide flame for immediate evangelization. Lastly, scores of young people are now ready, and hundreds more are preparing, to give their lives for this evangelization.

But how can we evangelize the world in our generation? In the first place, the church must get a burning passion, indited by the Holy Spirit, until every member is a positive force in this the greatest duty of the Church. And, again, we must have one basis for sacrifice. General superintendents, district superintendents, pastors, missionaries, evangelists, college presidents, college professors, and laymen must follow the Christ in sacrifice; namely, in giving ALL. Too long have we required the missionary to bid good-bye to ambition in the business or professional world, forego the pleasures of a palatial mansion, a large bank account and a beautiful automobile. We have demanded that the missionary whose sustenance we supply shall kiss mother, father and family for the last time and face a heathen land, thousands of miles from the home fireside. While missionaries have eaten corn bread and drunk infected water threatening disease, lived in a hut, frequented by poisonous snakes and germ-carrying insects, cared for the sick at all hours of the night, and preached in the burning deserts, we have felt that by giving a paltry $10 a year to their support, we could enjoy all the luxuries of modern life and be ready to stand in the Judgment and tell the Judge that we did our part in the evangelization of the world. Do you think God will accept the ease-going, burden-shirking life of the average layman of the Christian Church? Not if Jesus meant what He said when He uttered these words, "Take up thy cross and follow me."

If every member of the Church would give what we require of our missionaries, we could and would evangelize the world in our generation.

By way of speculation, if there are today 10,000,000 Christians in the world and each one were the means of winning a soul this next year, either personally or by the support of someone else, at the close of the year there would be 20,000,000. If this were kept up, the following year there would be 40,000,000, the next 80, the next 160, the next 320, the next 640, the next 1,280,000,000.

"If you win the one next to you,
And I win the one next to me,
In no time at all we'll win them all,
So win them, win them, one by one."

If the Church of Jesus Christ would get the vision of the dark world and receive the spirit of sacrifice, in our generation we could dispel all darkness and "girdle the globe with salvation, with holiness unto the Lord."

We can evangelize the world in our generation if we will. Will we do it? I hear over 300 young people in our own Nazarene Church say, "I'll go and lay down my life to see this accomplished." Do I hear 55,000 Nazarenes reply, "We'll send you?"

Russell V. DeLong.

Alexander, Powers, Richardson, Best, Horne, Smith, Wagner, Greene, MacDonald, Hoak, Rush, Deware, Anderson, Young, Benner, Perkins, Lovejoy, Stahl
Bowers, Gardner, Loeffler, Gardner, Ackerman, Imhoff, Bentley, Gay, Allen, Cutter, Gatherer, Ede, Fess, Klaiss, Custance, Angell, MacIntosh, Hardy, Esselstyn
Pillsbury, Joy, Nease, Peavey, Phillips, Allen, Hagerman, Gale, Ames, Tremere, Rogers, Angell, Fuller, Churchill
DeLong, Young, Smith, Poole, Myatt Richardson, Blaisdell, Archibald, Deware, Dunlop

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A. Smith
R. Bowers

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Evangelistic Association

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' Then said I, 'Here am I; send me.'" *Isa. 6:8.*

The voice of God is still sounding forth as in the days when the prophet Isaiah heard, heeded and willingly offered himself. Young men and women at Eastern Nazarene College are seeing the same vision, hearing the same voice and gladly making the same response. The Evangelistic Association is composed of consecrated students who have bound themselves together for the express purpose of carrying the good news of a salvation from all sin to whatsoever corner of His vineyard God may design.

And does God accept the offering? Yes. Just as surely as He said to Isaiah, "Go," so surely is He saying to these, "Go and tell this people." And just as He entrusted Isaiah with a commission from His word and gave him opportunity to deliver it, so is He laying a message upon the hearts of the young men and women of our Evangelistic Association and designating the hearers to whom they shall proclaim it.

Requests for workers are coming from churches and missions of our own and sister denominations. Members of the Evangelistic Association are being used of the Lord as student pastors, evangelists, singers and players on musical instruments; addresses are also given by those who are called to the foreign fields. By ones and twos and in larger companies, representatives of this organization go out each Sabbath and during the week. And these return with the tread of victory and the shout of triumph declaring that God was with them of a truth. We are thankful indeed for any part our Lord may give us in helping to extend His kindgom throughout the earth and repeat, each one of us, "Here am I; send me."

A. S. A.

STATISTICS OF EVANGELISTIC ASSOCIATION

SEPTEMBER 14, 1924, TO MARCH 1, 1925

Enrollment	83
Denominations represented	5
(Interdenominational Mission Supported)	
Permanent Pastors	3
Ordained Elders	7
Licensed Ministers	15
Local Preachers	8
Called Missionaries	10
Called Preachers	25
Services held or assisted in:	
Evangelistic Services	334
Music alone Supplied	105
Missionary Services	8
Young People's Meetings	10
Street Meetings	22
Mid-week Prayer Services	56
Total number of Services	535
Total number of Seekers	150

Psychology and Preaching

Once I overheard the statement, "He's no preacher; he simply uses psychology." The contention of such critics is that psychology takes the place of the Holy Spirit in the work of winning souls. The whole discussion arises from a misapprehension of the exact nature of psychology and its uses. Those who condemn psychology suppose that the preacher exerts upon his audience undue suggestion which is practically impossible for them to resist. Such is not the case.

Psychology, of which the study of hypnotism is only a small branch, we may define as the study of the workings of the consciousness, embracing cognition, feeling, decision and execution. All good preachers make use of the known facts regarding the ways in which the mind works. It is a failure to take into account such facts that makes poor preachers out of otherwise excellent thinkers. Some men have fallen accidentally into the correct method of procedure, but the office of the study of psychology is to make these mental operations so plainly apparent that a speaker will know with certainty what means to use to secure certain desired results.

We will discuss briefly several phases of the activity of the mind in order to show clearly the contribution of psychology to the homiletic art.

Attention is the focalization of mental activity on an object, idea, or person. Inattention to an object is simply attention to some other object. There are three kinds of attention: involuntary or spontaneous, that which we cannot help giving, as to the sudden toot of an auto horn; non-voluntary, that which we give without effort, as to the athletic contest or the absorbing book; voluntary, that which we force ourselves to give, as to the difficult Latin exercise. A subject which originally would require voluntary attention may be made to secure non-voluntary or spontaneous attention, which of course is more intense and hence more desirable. It must be introduced by material which will elicit spontaneous attention; moreover the object of attention must be continually changed or new aspects shown. The preacher can apply these principles both in selecting the subject matter of the sermon so as to secure attention and in employing gestures and variations of tone production so as to maintain attention.

But attention is not the only factor involved in the selection of proper material. Its apperceptive qualities should be considered. Apperception is the part played by experience in our present understanding. A brief illustration will make the point clear. Many small children when handed an orange for the first time will play with it as with a ball. This is because their former experience has been that such a spherical object is a ball. The rule for the preacher here is to use only such illustrative material as is fully understood. Do not endeavor to make clear the relative positions of the various cities in Israel by referring your congregation to the Ido constellation. Far better results would be secured by referring to the relative locations of various towns in your own state. Do not make the error of supposing that your congregation necessarily know and understand all you know. But study to find out what they do know, and using that as the basis, proceed to teach them new things. If

your congregation consists of cloth-makers, they will understand better the illustration of life as the weaving of a great pattern, than the fisherman's illustration of life as a long voyage. The unknown must always be illustrated by the known.

Another law of thinking which is closely allied to the above principle of apperception would govern the use of certain general terms to cover complex ideas. The content of our concepts is always determined by our past experience. What is your conception of Europe? A mere form on the map? The setting of your history text-books? To our new-made Americans, it is the place of friendships and old customs, the Fatherland. To the traveled man or woman, Europe means a place of slow travel, quaint customs, and picturesque scenes and costumes. But how different from each of these is the veteran's concept of Europe: a misty outline of shore, a rainy landing, a long train-ride, dingy barracks, hours of drill, fields of mud, the shriek, whistle and boom of the shell, the ripping, tearing in his side, the long hours of burning fever, the slow return of low-ebbed strength. How different, you say. True, yet there is scarcely more variation than exists in the conceptions in every audience regarding certain common religious terms. We say as preachers, "The Blood!" How much that one word signifies to us! It stands for all the suffering of the Cross; it stands for the pardoning of our sins, the cleansing away of our iniquity, the regeneration of our depraved spirits. But does it mean that to the stranger within our gates? Most probably not. Then we should exercise care to see that such a concept is given him. And if we will take the Word and ascertain carefully the conception of the sacred writer, then by means of illustrations and careful exposition give the congregation the same concept as his, we shall have gone far to fulfill the command to "expound the Word."

Heretofore we have considered merely the cognitive elements in consciousness. It is important that we also think about the emotional elements involved in the volitional activities of consciousness. We are all fairly well acquainted with the question of the freedom of the will. We all know something also of the laws of habit in the world of physical actions. The function of emotion is to call the full attention of consciousness to the fact that habitual reactions are insufficient. A new decision and effort must be made. No absolutely new decision is made without emotion. So in regard to spiritual matters. If you say in a cool, unimpassioned way to a sinner, "Be ye reconciled to God," he will habitually, without great concentration, turn your plea aside. But if you have successfully stirred his emotions of fear by pointed reference to the Judgment and Hell, and his emotions of love by the story of the Cross, the matter will have been brought to the full attention of his consciousness and he will realize that a new decision and effort are necessary. This is the function of emotion in the volitional activities of the mind.

These contributions of psychology to homiletics, the laws of attention, apperception, and habit formation, are only tools; the Holy Spirit must as ever be the guiding spirit and source of power. But psychology helps wonderfully in clearing the window of human understanding. Then can the light of the Holy Spirit shine through most clearly, and enable us to see God.

A. Wesley Archibald.

Bible Students

No, it is not advertised on the screen, as Sabatini's latest is; it is not reported in the literary columns of our periodicals; it is not read by all the crowd "on the way to work"; but it does have a wider circulation than them all. It needs no highly paid advertising corps to create a demand for it. As long as man remains sinful and in need of the regenerating power of God, so long will the Bible hold the pre-eminence over all other books.

It is the most quoted book in existence. Many of our most common proverbs are quotations from the Bible. But it is also the most misquoted, or at least misapplied book. It is to secure a true and just appreciation of the Scriptures that our classes are striving. We are not satisfied with mere chronological data, but work also for soul-inspiring truth, something which will be of use to us in Christian living and in soul-winning.

A. W. A.

Monday Morning Chapel Service

To start the week right we attend chapel on Monday morning. After the singing and praying, we have reports from the various student pastors, singers, and other workers who have held or attended services elsewhere over the week-end. These are always cheery and inspiring, and sometimes a little humorous. This service is always informal and spontaneous and encourages a friendly attitude among us.

Wouldn't you feel inspired if you could hear reports like these?

Mr. DeLong: I want to say that we had a splendid time in Waltham yesterday. The Lord came upon us, and blessed us in a marvelous way. I never got so blessed preaching before in my life. I believe we have a great work started in Waltham. Continue to pray for us.

Mr. Greene: I preached in West Somerville yesterday, and the Lord gave me a new thought. I suppose I broke all the rules of homiletics, but God was there and blessed me and I preached a great sermon. It's wonderful how He is helping me to find new sermons and present them before the people of West Somerville. Praise His name!

Mr. MacDonald: I was in at the Pemberton Square Mission last Monday evening and we had a good service. Brother MacKenzie and his sister are certainly doing a fine work there. We had a short street-meeting, and the people seemed much attracted by the singing and the testimonies. I believe God is helping us as we work in that mission.

President Nease: We had a glorious day at Malden yesterday. The Lord was present in an unusual way. Before the evening service we had a prayer-meeting in that upper room and—well, you know how the brethren pray over there! The after service was a time of great blessing and victory.

President Nease: How about Quincy? I can call on someone for a report, you know, if no one volunteers.

Miss Gale: We had a good service in Quincy last evening. Brother Gardner brought us a good message, and I noticed that the people were interested. There were about twenty-five strangers present, and they seemed very attentive. I want you to keep on praying that we may be a blessing as we work in Quincy.

Mr. Archibald: Well, we had a pretty good time in the Evangelical Church in New Bedford yesterday. Not big crowds, but pretty good for us. You know, we've got so that twenty looks like a crowd. But we are still believing that the Lord can work.

Mr. Anderson: Mr. Haas and I were in Brother Hackett's church last night. We sang twice. They had a very good service with several seekers at the altar.

Mr. Gardner: Deware and I went down to Providence to the Christian and Missionary Alliance. We were much interested in their work there.

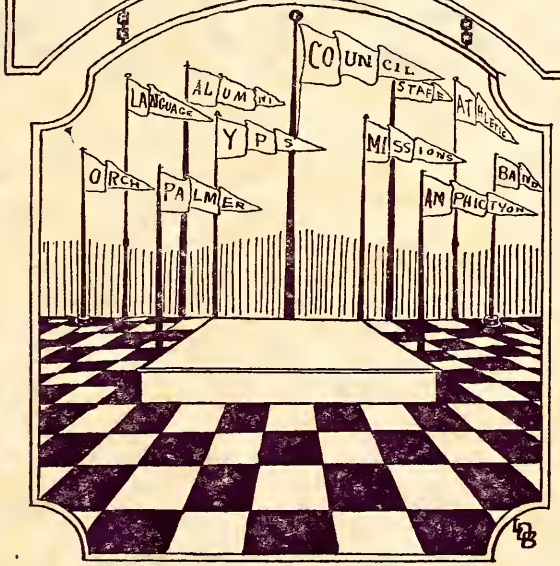
President Nease: I wish someone would report for the home base. We'd like to hear about the services here.

Miss Allen: Well, thank the Lord! We can report victory here, too. I'm sure we were all deeply stirred by Brother Angell's message yesterday morning. Christ was beautifully present in all the services and we praise His Holy Name!

All praise to Him for our Monday morning chapel service!

L. M. D.

COLLEGE LIFE



Students' Organization

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

Russell V. DeLong, *President*
Ethelyn B. Peavey, *Vice-President*
Irva G. Phillips, *Secretary*
Harold G. Gardner, *Treasurer*
Fraser A. Dunlop, *Sergeant-at-Arms*
William C. Esselstyn, *President of College Department*
C. Ray Hagerman, *President of Theological Department*
Elsie C. Gatherer, *President of Academy Department*
Percival Alexander, *President of Sub-preparatory Department*

Mr. DeLong: "There will be a Student Council meeting this evening at the usual time in the usual place."

What a vague and weird announcement. Yet it is clearly understood by nine individuals to whom it means one, two, or possibly three hours of deliberation over student problems. Inside the four walls of this usual meeting-place are planned, organized and discussed all matters which pertain to college life.

Emerson E. White has said, "There are common rights and interests in a school which call for self-denial and mutual co-operation; in other words, for order and system."

We endeavor to supply that order and system at E. N. C. All matters of importance are taken before our students as a whole, who constitute the Students' Organization. The officers elected by them with the presidents of the departments form the Executive Council, shown above. It gives those students chosen by the student-body as their leaders, a chance to be executives, to Execute-Express-Endeavor-Correct-Undertake-Train-Initiate-Venture-Elocute-Serve.

Language Department

OFFICERS

ETHELYN B. PEAVEY, *President*
MARGARET PATIN, *Vice-President*
DORIS M. GALE, *Secretary*
RUTH FESS, *Treasurer*

What's in a name? Ask the members of our Language Department. They have been investigating the matter, root and branch.

The Greeks will cite you to this list:

Name	Greek	Meaning
George	γεωργός	farmer
Stephen	στέφανος	a crown
Dorothy	δῶρον + θεός	gift of God
Margaret	μαργαρίτης	pearl
Eunice	εὖ + νίκη	happy victory

The Latin students bring this list of derivatives:

Name	Latin	Meaning
Clarence	clarus	illustrious
Lawrence	laurus	crowned with laurel
Paul	paulum	little
Flora	flos	flower
Vera	vera	true

The French students have a similarly rich field:

Name	French	Meaning
Frank	François	free
Lewis	Louis	bold warrior
Blanche	blanche	white
Belle	belle	beautiful
Claire	claire	clear

The "Germans" offer this varied group:

Name	German	Meaning
Alfred	elf-rede	good counsellor
Bertha	Bergda	bright, famous
Ernest	ernst	earnest
Frederick	Friede-reich	abounding in peace
Bernard	Bär	bold as a bear

Palmer Science and Mathematics Society

President, Arthur Morse
Vice-President, Dorothy Goodnow
Secretary, Edith Angell
Treasurer, Ernest Myatt

"Science is a systematic arrangement of the laws which God has established, so far as they have been discovered, of any department of human knowledge."—Wayland and Chapin.

"The chemists are a strange class of mortals impelled by an almost insane impulse to seek their pleasure among smoke and vapor, soot and flame, poisons and poverty; yet among all these evils I seem to live so sweetly, that may I die if I would change places with the Persian King."—A Chemist.

"All sciences which have for their object the search after order and measure belong to mathematics."—Descartes.

"Mathematics is that science in which we never know what we are talking about or whether what we are saying is so."—Russell.

"The applications of mathematics extend from the infinitesimal to the infinite. Its limitless possibilities reach from the human circumscribed in time to the divine enrapt in eternity."—R. W. Gardner.

Amphictyon Council

OFFICERS

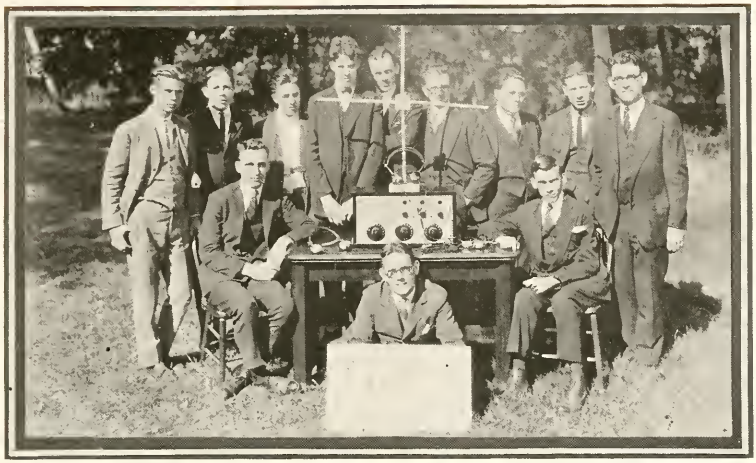
President, Fraser Dunlop
Vice-President, J. Willis Anderson
Secretary-Treasurer, Lurla Dwinell

The world moves onward—nations rise and fall. Cities shoot up like mushrooms, flame into splendor for a while, and then sink into oblivion. Thrones are swayed by a lady's whim. Men ardently support a new cause and battle for it—then men and cause alike are forgotten.

All these things make up what we know as history. We study them and they live and happen anew for us. We confidently predict the future by what we know of the past. Mutual interest and enthusiasm have bound us together in our Amphictyon Council.

L. M. D.

Radio Club



President, Lawrence D. Benner
Secretary and Treasurer, James A. Young
Consulting Engineer, Harold G. Gardner

With the sudden popularity of radio has come a desire to find out how and why it works. The students of our college are by no means devoid of their share of curiosity and have formed a club to take up the study of radio. We are proud of our operating-room and equipment, although it is as yet somewhat limited. Our construction committee is busy with plans and new ideas. Located in the "Hub of the Universe," we have an advantageous position and have no difficulty in picking up stations very readily. Recently conducted experiments have divulged to us some remarkable facts concerning reception.

Transmission is an air castle as yet, but all we ask for is time. Some night our constituency will be surprised to hear: "This is Station ——, Eastern Nazarene College, Wollaston, Mass. The first number on our program this evening is a selection played by the College Orchestra." Then again on special occasions and Sundays our pastor's voice will be heard.

There are great possibilities ahead for our club. We are fortunate in having secured a professor from a large technical college to give us lectures, instruction and advice. Radio, we believe, has its place in a student's life, not only as an amusement, but also as part of a complete education.

Music Department

One of the most powerful agents in the universe is music. It may stir love or hatred, humility or pride, peaceableness or belligerence. It is used by Satan to lure souls into his grasp. It is used by politicians to help satisfy a greedy ambition. It is used by plotting princes to stir a nation to arms. But music reaches its grandest and most sublime heights when used to extol the name of our God. Despite their own skill as musicians, the Chaldeans desired the children of Israel to sing the songs of Zion. And that music which holds the most abiding favor in a day of ever-changing tastes is the music of the old hymns.

But like all other good things, the best results in music cannot be secured without adequate, thorough training. Technique is necessary. Our Music Department this year under the wise management of Professor Hugh C. Benner has become more enthusiastic in its work than ever before. And the best part of it all is that practically every one of our music students is planning to devote his talents to the service of the Master.

A. W. A.

Orchestra

Prof. Hugh C. Benner, *Conductor*

First Violin
Russell V. DeLong
R. Wayne Gardner
Edna Foote
Dorothy Peavey

Second Violin
Helen Pillsbury
Carrie M. Gardner
Jewell Imhoff
Ruth Ede

'Cello
Ethelyn B. Peavey

Trumpet
Clarence J. Haas
DeForest Shields

Drums
Charles E. Deware

Tuba
Lawrence D. Benner

Trombone
Harold G. Gardner

Flute
Irwin K. French

Piano
Audrey C. Benner

Soloists
Doris M. Gale
Ruth MacIntosh

PIANO FUND

Last May our students decided that the Chapel platform needed a new piano. We well remember the old Concert Grand we used to have: "hard to play," "awkward to move," "wouldn't stay in tune," "too large," "a white elephant." But we also remember that meeting of the Student Organization in which over $800 was subscribed for a new one. The students gave with remarkable enthusiasm and willingness; competition between departments and classes was keen. It was one of the greatest undertakings the Student Organization ever assumed. We remember, too, how the committee in charge of buying the new piano hurried and worked. Within a week our Ivers and Pond Baby Grand stood on the platform. How we listened for the opening chords of the first hymn that morning in Chapel! We felt repaid.

The committee is still at work. We have found our students can pay as well as pledge. If all make good their pledges—and we expect they will—it will not be long until our piano will be entirely paid for. Then we can do something else.

JUBILEE

No Hebrew bondsman could have looked forward to the Year of Jubilee more expectantly than the students and faculty of Eastern Nazarene College anticipate the final liquidation of our College indebtedness. The degree of our desire to reach such a goal may be estimated when it is learned that in a very few moments the faculty and students pledged on this campaign nearly $3,500. Such enthusiastic support as this convinces us that there are few other such bodies of people in the world. The spirit of self-sacrificing pursuance of a worthy objective now being developed here will be of inestimable value to our church in the years to come, when students now in training are numbered among the leaders of our denomination from the local church to the general administration.

F. W. N.

Young People's Society

President, Armond Rush
Vice-President, Ruth Fess
Secretary, Marion Cutter
Treasurer, Wesley Angell
Chorister, Samuel Young
Pianist, Edith Angell

MOTTO
"LET NO MAN DESPISE THY YOUTH"

At the very first Young People's Service of this year the new students were initiated into the purpose and importance of our society. In accordance with the lesson portrayed in a diagram on the front blackboard, the leader proceeded to explain the relation of our Young People's Society to the other services of our college church. Two contrasting pictures were drawn: one, the fire-baptized prayer meeting (preceding our evening service), the victorious Young People's Service, and the unctionized preaching service; the other, the neglected prayer meeting, the lukewarm Young People's Service, and a lost opportunity.

Two texts were employed: first, "Tarry ye, until ye be endued with power from on high;" second, "They overcame by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony." The sequence of these Scriptures together with the above contrast showed that for our services to be fraught with the power from heaven we need not only the essential element of prayer, but an opportunity for spontaneous testimony and praise, such as the Young People's Services offer.

Our Young People's meetings are dependent upon the power attending the prayer meetings, and the after services dependent upon the power attending the Young People's meetings. How often we have proved throughout this school year that if we tarried before God until we were thoroughly endued with power for an evening's conflict, and then went into Young People's to overcome any onslaughts of the enemy by the word of our testimony, God graciously visited the evangelistic service and gave an open reward.

I. G. P.

Missionary Society

President, Professor Benner
Vice-President, Professor Spangenberg
Corresponding Secretary, Elsie Gatherer
Recording Secretary, Dorothy Peavey
Treasurer, Armond Rush
Assistant Treasurer, Eleanor Tremere

The Missionary Society is a dynamic force in the life of Eastern Nazarene College. With a measure of realization of the world's need of Jesus Christ, the Society has strtiven, by money, prayer, and helpful discussions to do its part in the spreading of the gospel. The members have subscribed nearly $1,000 to home and foreign missions. A period of time every Tuesday evening is devoted to prayer for the work on the foreign fields. One chapel service each week is in charge of the society, at which special studies have been made of missionary efforts in the Western Hemisphere. South America, the West Indies, mountain work in the United States, and Labrador are only a few of the localities that have been profitably discussed. Also, for the first time in its history, the society was privileged to be represented by a delegate, Miss Hattie Goodrich, at the Foreign Missions Convention of the United States and Canada. This gathering convened in Washington, D. C., January 28, 1925, to February 2, 1925. 3480 delegates were in attendance and, it is estimated, between 9,000 and 10,000 Washingtonians. 85 missionary organizations were represented.

The purpose of the conference was the information and inspiration of the churches of Canada and United States. It was an educational, not a deliberative or legislative Assembly. It did not deal with the questions and problems of administration on the mission field. The messages were designed to enlarge the interest and deepen the conviction of the Christian people at the home base as to their foreign mission responsibilities and obligations.

We reprint a few citations from the inspiring addresses delivered there.

"One of the greatest things that a missionary movement could do for the less favored communities would be to assure that all who go out from the Christian to the non-Christian communities should carry with them the spirit, the aims, the purposes, of true Christianity.

We know that they have not always done this. We know that the missionary movements have repeatedly been hampered and at times been frustrated because some calling themselves Christians and assuming to represent Christian civilization have been actuated by un-Christian motives. Those who have been willing to carry the vices of our civilization among the weaker peoples and into the darker places have often been more successful than those who have sought to implant the virtues."

PRESIDENT CALVIN COOLIDGE.

. . . . .

"The missionaries are from heaven. But the Japanese think that they are from America. Christians are different from Americans."

DR. TOYCHIKO KAGAWA.

. . . . .

"India wants the Christ not dressed up in Western garments, but in simplicity as he walked on the shore of Galilee. If you come with that message to help us and not to rule us, for we have been ruled long enough, we will welcome you."

A HINDOO PROFESSOR.

. . . . .

"The finished product of the different faiths might be stated as follows: Greece said. "Be moderate—know thyself." Rome said, "Be strong—order thyself." Confucianism says, "Be superior—correct thyself." Buddhism says, "Be disillusioned—annihilate thyself." Hinduism says, "Be separated—merge thyself." Mohammedanism says, "Be submissive—bend thyself." Judaism says, "Be holy—conform thyself." Modern materialism says, "Be industrious—enjoy thyself." Modern dilettantism says, "Be broad—cultivate thyself." Christianity says, "Be Christlike—give thyself."

DR. E. STANLEY JONES.

. . . . .

"If you pluck out the cross of the New Testament you have taken the heart out. Better save the cross even through a most uncouth theology than to lose the cross where Jesus died and have a refined aesthetic evangelization."

"Unless you and I have some personal knowledge of Him who lived and died and is alive forevermore, there will be no compelling power in our message."

BISHOP EDWIN D. MOUZON, D.D.

. . . . .

"Ignorance is not apt to be an instrument in the hands of Almighty God."

"An ocean voyage doesn't develop any particular brand of piety."

DR. ROBERT E. SPEER.

. . . . .

"What we expect in the mission field, we must do ourselves."

BISHOP CHARLES H. BRENT, D.D.

Pittsburgh District

Anderson, J. Young, S. Young, Fry
Knutson, Benner, Butts, Ede, Imhoff, Smith, Rush
Klaiss, Bush, Fess, Tremere, Patin, Gatherer

New York and Washington-Philadelphia Districts

Morse, Gardner, Professor Wilson, Bentley, Cutter, DeSalvo, Smith, Loeffler
Stebbins, Kunz, Moore, Fuller
Stahl, Bowers, Dickey, Bowers

New England District

The greater part of our student body, as is natural, come from our New England District. This comprises the New England States and the Maritime Provinces of Canada. And most certainly New England is a fitting home for a holiness college. For in spite of modern tendencies to stray, the glory of New England is still acknowledged to lie in her historic stand for righteousness. Her early colleges were dedicated "to Christ and the Church." And Eastern Nazarene College, at least, among the later colleges has determined to get back to the early ideals. Should not all New England rally enthusiastically to the support of an institution which is endeavoring to preserve the substance and not alone the form of all that is best in New England tradition?

Many of our students from the Provinces are Nazarenes; and all our churches may well be proud of the representatives they have here at the college. Most of them were leaders in Young People's work in the home church. They will go back stronger, with a new vision and new power.

But a far from inconsiderable number are members of the Reformed Baptist Church. We have no more loyal group in Eastern Nazarene College. Their consistent lives and their earnest devotion to the cause of Christ have been an inspiration to all. They are immovable in their stand for holiness, and that not of the letter but of the spirit. It would seem as if the traditions of God-fearing ancestry and godly training in church and home had imbedded the solid characteristics of righteousness and holiness in their very systems.

Young Women's Athletic Association

OFFICERS

Dorothy Goodnow, *President*
Doris M. Gale, *Vice-President*
Lurla Dwinell, *Secretary*
Margaret Patin, *Treasurer*

When the sun shines warm, and the air is all a-tingle with the joyousness of life, out troop the girls to enjoy a snappy game of tennis or, if it be winter, to start off with skates, snow-shoes or skiis. We are not at all afraid of swirling snow or scurrying raindrops. Snow can be made into snowballs, to throw back at the boys when they annoy us! In all kinds of weather the Y. W. A. A. is ready for a frolic, whether it be in giving a Thanksgiving social to the Y. M. A. A. or hiking to Squantum or the Blue Hills.

L. M. D.

Young Men's Athletic Association

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

ARTHUR W. MORSE, *President*
ALTON PERKINS, *Vice-President*
CHESTER SMITH, *Secretary-Treasurer*
ROBERT DEFOREST SHIELDS, *Caretaker*
JAMES YOUNG JOHN POOLE HAROLD GARDNER

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?"

Each day we are realizing more keenly the necessity of some form of physical exercise. Without healthy bodies we cannot be at our best for God, and we believe that engaging in athletic sports is the best way for a student to keep his body at its highest efficiency. Hence the Young Men's Athletic Association.

Our favorite autumn sports are swimming and tennis. Quincy Bay, with its good sand beach, is only a five-minute walk, and our college tennis courts are commodious and shady. In the winter we have skating and hockey on a pond close by, and basketball in the gym: rivalry between the College and the Academy team is high, and this year an independent team has appeared in the field. In the spring we bring out our tennis rackets again and every player practices with the coming tennis tournament in mind. Baseball also is soon going in full blast; even the professors enjoy playing this game. Last year's College-Alumni game was in every detail a marked success. Some day we are going to have an ideal ball ground and track. The Alumni are purchasing the field, which, with a little work, can be put in good condition. The best of it all is that a beautiful spirit of rivalry exists throughout all our games; we are learning that we can have the spirit of victory even in defeat.

A. W. M.

Alumni Association

President, Dr. Julia R. Gibson
Vice-President, Dr. Willis B. Parsons
Secretary, Anna C. French
Treasurer, Mrs. Floyd W. Nease

'Twas a most memorable day, June 9, 1924. For what reason? Ask any one of the Alumni who were in Wollaston. What a game that was! To see just the score, you would have thought it was a basket-ball game, College *versus* Academy Department. But no, it was baseball, the Alumni lined up against their Alma Mater.

There on that field, fighting in martial combat, was gathered one nine composed of old-time stars, but not of the diamond. Can you imagine a dentist, a preacher, a newspaper man, a strong man, and business men making up a team? If not, you should have been there. Can a dentist play ball? Ask Doc Parsons who pulled those balls out of the sky. Is it possible for a minister to make good at baseball? Ask Rev. Charles Washburn. He hit that ball so hard that Babe Ruth might have been jealous. Can a fat newspaper man gather up anything but news? You should have seen Harold Harding gather in those hopping balls around short, and when he fell and hurt his right arm, he just turned around and threw with the left one. Those newspaper men can do anything.

The rest of the team did their best, but to no avail. After totals were figured up on the adding machine it was found that the College were a few (?) runs ahead, but are we discouraged? No! Immediately we began to look forward to and plan for the 1925 Alumni-College baseball game. Don't miss it—June 6, 1925.

At our June meeting we voted to purchase an athletic field for the College. Payments have come in very well though we are not as yet over the top. Why not rally our forces, and by June 6 make a clean sweep of this matter? We can do it if we will, and we will.

ALUMNI TRIBUTES

I appreciate with an increasing realization the great value of my Christian education received at Eastern Nazarene College. To "know how" spells success in the ministry as well as in any other line of activity.

David H. Keeler,
Gouverneur, N. Y.

E. N. C. is still on our daily prayer list. She has come up through much tribulation, but she is "clothed in white" and is standing upon a sure foundation. I was never more in sympathy with all she stands for than I am today. I have never found it to advantage in my ministry to take any other course, but have tried to hold true to the principles for which our Alma Mater has always stood.

Sincerely,

Clyde R. Sumner,
Plattsburg, N. Y. (Beekmantown Circuit)

The school from its beginning has been a vital force in Christian character building. Such was it in my life.

Faithfully,

Clara E. Lincoln,
Bridgewater, Mass.

COLLEGE GRADUATES—CLASS OF '24

Dorothy White is no longer White, but has become "a comrade in the best of partnerships." We now know her as Mrs. F. Harris Leavitt.

The High School at West Lebanon, Maine, has an energetic principal in Samuel MacLaughlin. His wife, Dorothea Gatchell of E. N. C., is one of his staff of teachers.

Miss Hattie Estelle Goodrich finds plenty to keep her busy on her circuit of three churches in Maryland.

An enthusiastic teacher, an excellent pie-and-cake-maker, and an ideal hostess is Mrs. R. W. Gardner.

In Boston University Edith Peirce is still thinking and studying. Her aim is a Master's degree.

THEOLOGICAL—'24

Good reports come to us concerning Rev. Ray DeP. Haas, who is now engaged in his chosen work in Keene, N. H.

ACADEMY—'24

Of the 1924 Academy graduates, seven registered here in College last September; two are taking nurses' training; one is working in New York State, preparatory to finishing her education; and one is housekeeping. A fine record!

. . . . .

RECENT ALUMNI NEWS

PREACHERS

Good reports are brought to us of the following who have lately taken pastorates: Rev. Hervey Brown, Clintondale, N. Y.; Rev. Ray Haas, Keene, N. H.; Rev. Hattie Goodrich, Chicamuxen, Md.; Rev. David Keeler, Gouverneur, N. Y.; and Rev. T. B. Greene, West Somerville, Mass.

TEACHERS

To the teaching profession E. N. C. has made several contributions. Beatrice MacKenney is teaching in Revere; Alma Shuman is at Acushnet, with her room of "first graders." Samuel MacLaughlin and his wife are both teaching in West Lebanon (Maine) High School. On the staff of the Kingfield (Maine) High School appears the name, Annie Archibald. Mrs. Georgia Bailey is teaching in Groveland, Mass. Alice Spangenberg is filling very efficiently the position of Academy English teacher at E. N. C.

NURSES

Ruth Rollins, Vida Kratz and Ruth White are now in hospital training. "If you have any more like these, send them to us," is the message we receive concerning them.

MATRIMONIAL REPORTS

The chief clerk of the Bureau sends the names of the following, who have applied and been accepted: Eliott Vaughan, Velma Scott, Dorothy White, Samuel MacLaughlin. Happiness and success!

ALUMNI CRADLE ROLL

The latest additions to this department are Paul Leland, son of Mrs. Harold Hansen (Chrissy Snow); Arthur, Jr., son of Mrs. Jonas Hatch (Velma Scott); Paul, son of Mrs. Lewis A. Brown; Philip Bradford, son of Dr. Willis Parsons; Stephen Wesley, son of Mrs. F. W. Nease. We learn also that Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Durfee and Mr. and Mrs. Clyde R. Sumner have young sons.

We suggest Philip Bradford Parsons as pitcher, and Stephen Wesley Nease as catcher of the Alumni baseball team.

Our Pictures

When we look at Lillian Cole's picture, we wonder if there are "speed cops" in Africa.

David Keeler and his smile are as inseparable as ever.

Pastor Haas and his wife are enjoying their first pastorate.

Rev. I. F. Kierstead is shown teaching one of the African boys to read.

Miss Morgan earned her R.N. at Whidden Memorial Hospital, Everett, Mass., where Miss Rollins is now training. She is a successful private nurse.

Mrs. Lewis Brown arrived safe in the Belgian Congo last fall. Her address is Vanga, Kwihu River District, Du Kwango, Congo Belge.

Miss Goodrich, it seems natural to see you working and smiling.

The expression on Elizabeth Goozee's face shows plainly her pleasure at having succeeded in catching a fish.

Mr. French, did you really catch those fish yourself, or borrow them for the occasion?

Hurrah for the Alumni Baseball Game! Can you locate the dentist, the preacher, and the newspaper man?

Professor Angell and his wife were snapped as they were watching the Alumni Game.

On this page appear also pictures of several former students in active service who are not members of the Alumni Association. Former students may be admitted as associate members by a two-thirds vote of the Association.

REMINISCENCE

Oh, I long to step back
O'er the years as they flow,
And stand on the threshold
Of a decade ago.

The teachers and schoolmates
And the campus and all,
Each scene in the class room
And each romp in the hall.

But we'll have a reunion;
Each alumnus should come
To heaven's great campus
When life's tasks are all done.

May none be found missing
When the Chair calls the roll,
But each say rejoicing,
"Through the blood I'm made whole."

By Clyde R. Sumner
Classes 1912 and 1915

Rev. & Mrs. Lehman
Mrs. Barley
Lillian Cole
David Keeler
Rev. & Mrs. Haas
Mrs. Lewis A. Brown
Y. Route & E. Morgan
Hattie E. Goodrich
Rev. I. P. Kierstead
Alice Sterrett
Rev. & Mrs. Clyde Summer
Ruth Narberry
Ruth Rollins
Rev. Ernest Johnson and Wife
Miss Jenny Barnsley
Hagerman Rd Rogers
Rev. & Mrs. Hartley Mullen
ALUMNI
June
Rev. & Mrs. E. Grosse
David Pascoe
Elizabeth Goozee
Irwin French
Mabel Blosum
1924
BALL GAME
Amos Nylin
Adele Temple
Rev. & Mrs. E. E. Angell

Nautilus Calendar

SEPTEMBER

Tuesday, 9—Registration Day.

"Who's the primal source of knowledge?
It's the Dean;
So when first you go to college
See the Dean.
Buddie, don't procrastinate;
Get all your entrance units straight.
You may think they are, but wait—
See the Dean."

Wednesday, 10—Convention opens with Rev. C. B. Jernigan and wife as evangelists and Professor Messer as song leader.

Friday, 12—No books, no studies.

Saturday, 13—Every one busy, getting settled or dodging homesickness.

Sunday, 14—Meetings close with a great tide of blessing. Several pray through.

Monday, 15—Our books have arrived and now the grind begins.

Tuesday, 16—Morse nearly blows up the chemistry lab.

Thursday, 18—Dorothy Allen, trying to mail a letter in the alarm box, calls out the fire department.

Friday, 19—Faculty reception given in the chapel. The Freshmen stand with awe before the masters of their destinies.

Saturday, 20—The radio fans put up their aerials and the girls hang out clothes.

Monday, 22—Some one left a bottle of chemicals on Professor Angell's desk. Probably thought his theology needed doctoring.

Tuesday, 23—The tennis courts are filled.

Friday, 26—Bresecan and Athenian literary societies meet.

Saturday, 27—Hikers go to Squantum.

Sunday, 28—Professor Gardner has over one hundred at Sunday school.

Monday, 29—First meeting of the *Nautilus* Staff.

Tuesday, 30—Officers of the Missionary Society are elected.

Wednesday, 31—"Thirty days hath September."

OCTOBER

Wednesday, 1—*Nautilus* Subscription Day. Band, streamers, colors, and enthusiasm. We go away over the top with 1,101 subscriptions.

Friday, 3—Professor Thompson, of the Curry School of Expression, gives a reading of *Hamlet*.

Sunday, 5—President Nease preaches in the morning.

Monday, 6—Nathalie Young announces at dinner that she would like to meet Mr. Loeffler outside.

Tuesday, 7—We learn new songs and also the reason why Stahl is called "Harmony."

Wednesday, 8—Henry Horton, a converted Hindoo, tells of his work in Guiana.

Thursday, 9—*Nautilus* Picture Day. "Please do not leave until you have all been shot," implores the editor.

Senior-Junior Social.

Friday, 10—Ask the couples what happened.

Sunday, 12—Those who went home missed two most helpful messages.

Monday, 13—Columbus Day. Hikes to Hough's Neck and the Blue Hills.

Tuesday, 14—Miss Hazel Harding informs us that she has lost two pounds.

Wednesday, 15—Mr. and Miss MacKenzie of the Life Line Mission are at chapel.

Thursday, 16—The chorus sings at the missionary convention in Cliftondale.

Friday, 17—Rev. and Mrs. Ellyson are here for a short series of meetings to last over the week end.

Saturday, 18—American History students go "rubbernecking."

Sunday, 19—God blesses as Rev. and Mrs. Ellyson preach to us.

Monday, 20—Six weeks' tests have arrived. The first milestone is reached.

Wednesday, 22—Skunk hunt held by the members of the Bachelors' Club.

Thursday, 23—Never will those who were there forget how the Holy Spirit manifested Himself as Professor Harris spoke at chapel service.

Friday, 24—At an informal gathering held at Professor Gardner's home, Russell De Long and Doris Gale announce their engagement. Wait till they see their rooms.

Monday, 27—*Nautilus* snapshot contest begins. War is declared between the Y. W. A. A. and Y. M. A A.

Tuesday, 28—Bud Robinson arrives for a three-day convention The faculty and students pledge $3,000 to help lift the debt from E. N. C.

Wednesday, 29—The first number of *The Green Book* is published.

Thursday, 30—With the chapel taxed to capacity, "Uncle Buddie" tells his life story.

Friday, 31—The girls discover much to their surprise that the boys have won the snapshot contest.

The *Nautilus* subscription contest is launched. The Reds and the Shenandoah versus the Blues and the ZR-3.

NOVEMBER

Saturday, 1—All little kittens belonging to the species Felis Polaris will cause trouble if grabbed by the tail. Ask "Bill"—he tried it last night.

Sunday, 2—Communion and love-feast.

Monday, 3—Hagerman's much prized picture returns.

Tuesday, 4—The Bachelors' Club elects new officers. The sum of $900 is pledged by the Missionary Society.

Friday, 7—"Mickey" tells the College Rhetoric students how to make fudge.

Breseean Literary.

Saturday, 8—Miss Cutter inquires whether there is to be a moon tonight.

Monday, 10—The race between the Shenandoah and the ZR-3 becomes hotter.

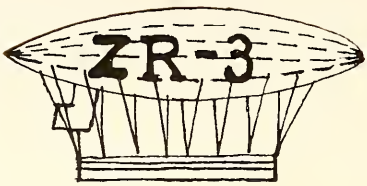
Tuesday, 11—The Reds and the Blues both hold council.

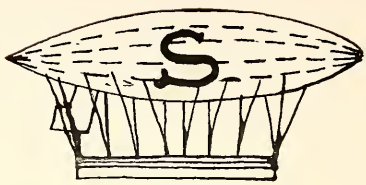
Wednesday, 12—The contest ends with a fast and furious spurt by both airships.

Thursday, 13—The Blues are announced the winners and the Reds promise them liver and onions at the banquet.

Friday, 14—Athenian Literary. Remember the ukulele quartet.

"I WOULD A TALE UNFOLD"





MANAGERIAL

"THE BEST ANNUAL YET." This has been our slogan as a business staff for the 1925 *Nautilus*. In the beginning of our work this year, we recognized that the realization of this aim necessitated a larger subscription list than that of any previous year, and also an appreciable increase in income from ads.

The first need mentioned was met in chapel on Subscription Day, when our student body and faculty enthusiastically subscribed for eleven hundred copies.

The second task, however, was not so quickly accomplished. Nevertheless, it has been done, thanks to our faithful and energetic advertising manager, William C. Esselstyn.

In this connection we wish to take this opportunity to thank our advertisers for their material assistance and practical co-operation in making this fourth volume of the *Nautilus* possible. To the Quincy Chamber of Commerce we would express our appreciation of their endorsement of our annual, and commend this number to them for their perusal.

Another problem which confronted us very early in our endeavors was the task of doing business without immediate cash. A solution to this, however, was found when we appealed to our subscribers for advance payments on their subscriptions, and by means of a contest secured $1,068 in cash in two weeks' time. An interesting account of this contest will be found on this page.

To be business-like is to be brief. So, with our job done, we bid you adieu, and submit as a possible slogan for the staff of 1926, THE BEST ANNUAL YET."

SAMUEL YOUNG, *Business Manager*.

THAT ZEPPELIN RACE

On the thirty-first of October, twenty-four,
Oh, one hundred of us or more
Remember that exciting day and hour
When the ZR-3 and the Shenandoah
Started their flight around the world
On a canvas on chapel wall unfurled.

"One mile if two cents, and two miles if four,
Until one has five hundred dollars or more,"
Said Judge DeLong with austerity,
"And I on the neutral side will be."
The Reds all thought since the time of Noah
No ship had been built like the Shenandoah;
And the Blues were sure, in their ecstasy,
No bird could fly like the ZR-3.
The zeal to win took hold of all
In dormitory, classroom and hall.

A move is made, a gleam of red:
The Shenandoah two hundred miles ahead.
Oh, that time when, tho' standing true,
The Blues couldn't help feeling somewhat blue.
Give them a week-end, what appears?
The Reds two thousand miles arrears,
Picnicking on the banks of the River Seine,
Looking for blue sky now and again,
While the Blues sail on o'er famous Rome
To Athens where they cable home.

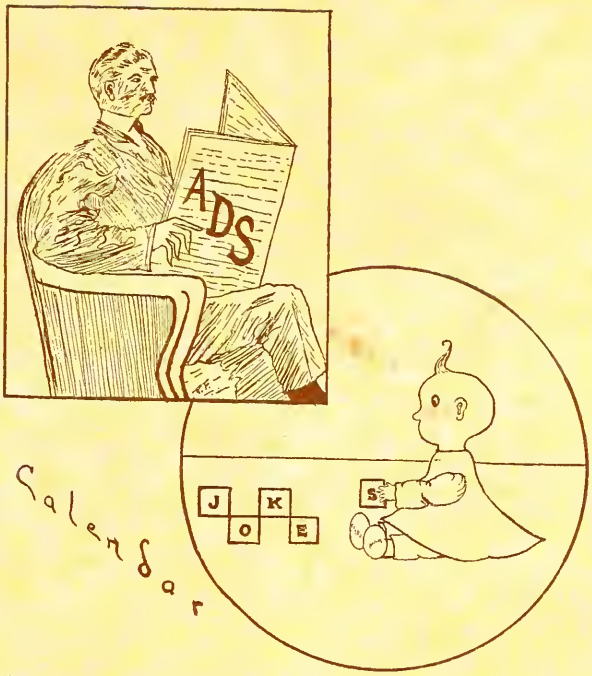
The Reds all meet, then over night
Up the Bosphorus wend their flight
Till Constantinople breaks in view
And they inquire, "Have you seen the Blue?"
But the Turks reply with gestures grim
They've gone on to Jerusalem.
Out past India's coral strand,
Over China's sloping land
On sail the Reds, and so do the Blues,
Each of the other no sight or news.

The Judge the loss of the Reds believed,
Until a telegram he received:
"We're in Cairo, have taken no risk, tho',
Will wire you again from San Francisco."
But we think they surely ran out of gas,
For they halted long around Madras.
The Blues sight-seeing in Tokyo begin,
But the Reds, alert, start to Pekin.
Then the skies take on a reddish hue
And cause concern among the Blue.

The climax came; will you ever forget
That night when the Blues in chapel met?
The cheers that rent the chapel wall,
While the Reds conspired in the upper hall.
Each had reached Boston, but neither knew
How much surplus the other drew.
Nor through the night did the tension lighten,
But tended toward morning to greatly tighten.
Blue accused Red, and Red accused Blue,
'Tis well that all that was said is not true.

Wednesday came, and gradually went;
Has ever such a day been spent?
By the office clock 'twas half past four;
Just one-half an hour before,
Judge DeLong received the few last pence,
With Mr. Young hopping a jubilee dance
In the Mansion hall, Miss Allen the while
Standing by with a knowing smile—
Each one confident to the last
Second rate days for the Reds were past.

Continued on page 123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Calendar

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WE WONDER

If internal combustion would take place, supposing Stahl had lock-jaw.

If, physically speaking, caloric sufficient to altitudinize the mercury above the freezing quotation would cause our radiator to melt.

If Tom Greene ever lacks a "new thought."

If the theologians can enlighten us as to the language of Balaam's ass.

If capital punishment is not too good for the fellow who invented putting shaving cream in tubes like tooth paste.

What "Chet" Smith would do in a non-co-ed college.

If Lurla Dwinell has ever experienced the joys of gloriously flunking.

If the "middle ages" are not the ones, that when they reach, the girls stop counting.

If writing a poem to a cat could not be called invoking the Muse (mews).

What sense you make out of this jumble.

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NOVEMBER

Monday, 17—Ten above zero. Br-br-br.

Tuesday, 18—Archibald discusses the South American Indians.

Wednesday, 19—At prayer meeting, Miss McClellan, returned missionary from Burma, speaks to us.

Thursday, 20—The girls feed the "monkeys" peanuts as a forfeit for losing the Snapshot Contest.

Friday, 21—The Y. W. A. A. Thanksgiving Social. Peanuts, peanuts, and more peanuts. I wonder if they are trying to rub it into us fellows.

Sunday, 23—Excellent young people's service.

Monday, 24—Thanksgiving only four days away.

Tuesday, 25—"Archie" talks on South America again.

Wednesday, 26—The fortunate ones who live near by go home.

Thursday, 27—Thanksgiving Day. Chicken and fixin's. Mother Lester has to run around the table to make room for her dessert.

Friday, 28—National Hash Day.

Sunday, 30—The first snow.

DECEMBER

Monday, 1—Six weeks' tests are here again.

Wednesday, 3—Freddie finds rock salt in his bed.

Thursday, 4—He retaliates by locking "Merry" and Morse in. No breakfast.

Friday, 5—The Reds give the Blues a banquet.

Saturday, 6—The anti-shave club forms with three members, Samuel Young, DeLong and Dunlop.

Sunday, 7—The Lord blesses, especially in the various prayer meetings.

Tuesday, 9—The beards of the three Nazarites are growing well.

Wednesday, 10—The anti-shave club is broken up. Russell's girl won't speak to him.

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Muffler	Dean
Exhaust	Tom Greene
Accelerator	Charles Deware
Brakes	Disciplinary Committee
Vacuum Feed	Cook
Gas	Louis Michelson
Oil	Armond Rush
Balloon Tires	Lurla Dwinell
Front Mudguards	Mrs. Lester and Mr. Millet
Rear Mudguards	"Maggie" Patin and "Bill" Esselstyn
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Dimmers	Freshmen
Tail Lights	Sub-Preps
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Horn	Howard Stahl
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Squeak	Chorus
Rattle	Band
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Lurla Dwinell: I sympathize with the poor thing. I know how terrible it is to be lonely.

"Have you ever read "To a Field Mouse?"
"No. How do you get them to listen?"

WET MOONSHINE
"Ever sit in the moonlight?"
"Yes, once when I missed the bow of the canoe."

M. T.
DeLong at staff meeting: Mr. Archibald, have you anything in your mind?

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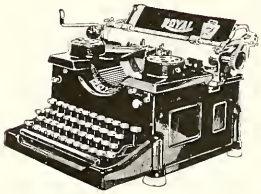

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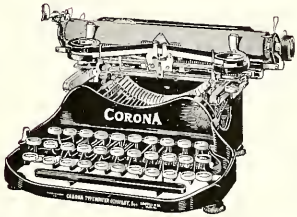

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What the world is after
Beats all other wiles;
Life's too short for grumpiness,
Spend your little while
Looking for the beautiful—
Wearing of a smile."

Stahl: I am a *sound* sleeper.
Eddie: So I hear every night.

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DECEMBER

Thursday, 11—The students spend their spare hours in the chapel praying for a revival.
Friday, 12—Mr. Thomas and his daughter speak to us concerning Korea.
College *versus* Academy, 35–16.
Monday, 15—"Al" Smith informs us that it is only ten more days until Christmas.
Tuesday, 16—Basket-ball. Independents, 26—Academy, 7.
Wednesday, 17—Skating.
Thursday, 18—Now "Al" is figuring the time to Christmas in hours.
Friday, 19—Recital given by the Music Department.
Sunday, 21—Inspiring services.
Tuesday, 23—Christmas vacation. Students leave for home.

JANUARY

Tuesday, 6—Most of the students are back.
Wednesday, 7—The revival breaks out. No one has a chance to preach. What shouting, testimonies, and freedom!
Thursday, 8—No study hours. By common desire the students seek the chapel. Dunlop preaches.
Friday, 9—No "lit"; we would rather have prayer-meeting.
Sunday, 11—All-day meeting. We receive three timely, pointed, Heaven-sent messages.
Monday, 12—Rev. H. V. Miller is to be with us at chapel services this week.
Tuesday, 13—Service lets out at 1.30. Surely E. N. C. has never seen a greater revival.
Wednesday, 14—Professor Benner misses a class.
Thursday, 15—Stephen Wesley Nease arrives. It's "Daddy Nease" now.
Friday, 16—Students deliver circulars in rain and slush.
Sunday, 18—The Evangelistic Association opens a series of meetings in Quincy.
Monday, 19—Mother Lester cooks breakfast. Fried eggs and "baled hay."
Tuesday, 20—Gardner and Morse get up at six o'clock.
Wednesday, 21—Snow, snow, snow. Professor Munro is too late for class, but the College Rhetoric students do not profit much.

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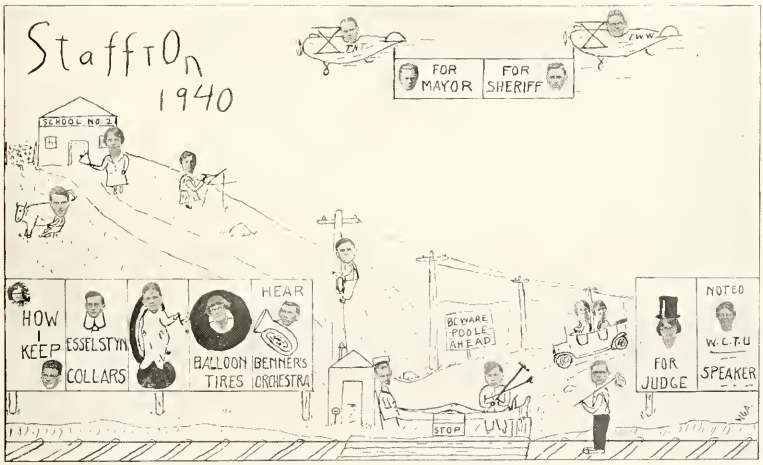

Nautilus Editor, reading write-up of Y. P. S., finds listed among its officers, "*Treasure*—Wesley Angell." He makes a mental note that Wesley is also the "Treasure" of the *Nautilus* Staff.

THE SEVEN-YEAR VARIETY

Esselstyn: What is hydrofluoric acid used for?
Freddie: Itching glass.

First Soph: That Freshman has a sovereign contempt for anybody who doesn't know as much as he does.
Second Soph: I should think he would.

The Zoology class was discussing the octopus when Dove Henson inquired, "How big are they when they are small?"

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Continued from page 104

Did ever yet such rumors you hear?
I think the Red! I think the Blue!
I'd give anything if I knew!
An argument here, a conjecture there,
'Twas of no avail for one to dare
Ask Judge DeLong his knowledge to share.
Half-past-eleven by the office clock,
First chapel bell, and all on dock.
No signal needed, it may seem odd,
But all were anxious to "rise on the chord."

First came a missionary address,
Good for him who control could possess
Enough to keep even a restless hush.
'Twas a good speech, just the same, Mr. Rush.
The moment came, the judge stood firm.
Oh such suspense, to explain there's no term.
Professor Nease tilting in nervous pose,
Professor Benner anxiously rubbing his nose.
Some ready for smiles, and some for tears,
Oh muffled hopes, and stifled fears!

Each car was moved by appointed men,
Back to the Boston base again.
Oh that breathless, helpless, endless pause,
Broken only by the clause
That gave the hard-earned victory
To the Blues, the gallant ZR-3.
The glory of defeat is to take it well;
Let the history of this contest tell
To the Reds is not the victor's fame,
But the glory of the loser's gain. I. G. P.

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Miss Oliver: Mr. French, do you think we will have any more snow this winter?
French: Don't know. I'll call up this afternoon and see.

* * *

HEAVY SLUMBER

Mr. Millet: What was that loud thump I just heard?
Knutson: Oh, that was only "Al" Smith falling asleep.

Dorothy Peavey: I tore up that theme I wrote.
Arleen Leavitt: What? Tore it up? Why that was the cleverest thing you ever did.

* * *

RETORT COURTEOUS

Harold: Why do you wear gloves so much, "Eddie"?
Deware: To keep my hands soft. I suppose you wear your hat for a like reason.

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Worship	10.30	A.M.
Church School	12.00	M.
Y. P. S.	6.00	P.M.
Evening Service	7.45	P.M.
Tuesday Class Meeting	7.45	P.M.
Thursday Prayer Meeting	7.45	P.M.

JANUARY

Thursday, 22—The members of the Bachelors' Club mourn the downfall of one of their heretofore most loyal members, Mr. Samuel Young. Slight hope is entertained of his recovery.

Friday, 23—Bresecan Literary.
Basket-ball game. College, 33—Academy, 21.

Saturday, 24—Everyone out with smoked glass and negatives to watch the eclipse.

Sunday, 25—President Nease preaches on "Holiness."

Monday, 26—Day of the Digs. Exams begin.

Tuesday, 27—As Ray Hagerman says, "The hand is willing, but the brain is weak."

Wednesday, 28—The Trustees visit us.

Friday, 30—Exams are over.
College-Academy basket-ball game. Second teams play between halves.

Saturday, 31—Marshmallow toast in the gym.

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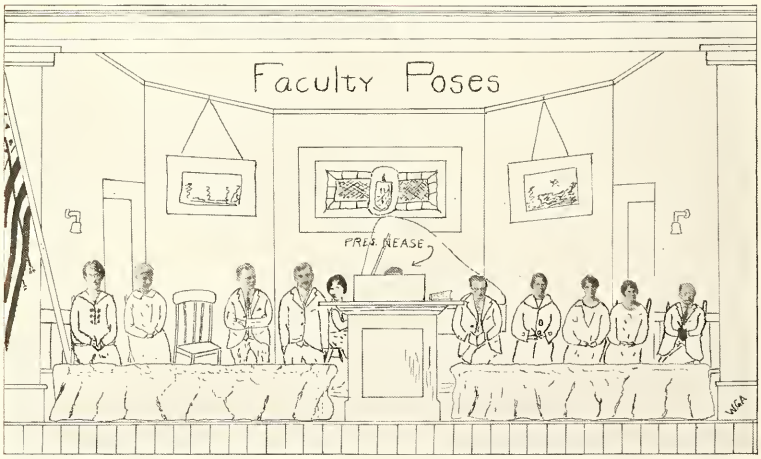

Professor Gardner (near the end of a long and tedious experiment): Well, we are on the last lap.

Michelson: That's what the cat said as she licked the saucer.

LONG, LONG AGO

For a brief interval the old fly walked rapidly in a circle upon the bald cranium of Mr. Henson. Then pausing he stroked his stomach meditatively and said: "There is a tradition in our family, my children, that ages ago this barren plain was covered with a dense forest."

Professor Spangenberg: Mr. Michelson, your paper on "Love" showed careful consideration, but was a little disconnected. I should like to have a conference with you and point out your mistakes.

You probably have heard the story of the celebrated professor who died and his coffin was laid out in the churchyard, but in the night he forgot that he was dead, got up and went home. We have a case somewhat similar. Professor Angell went almost distracted looking for test papers of an exam he hadn't given.

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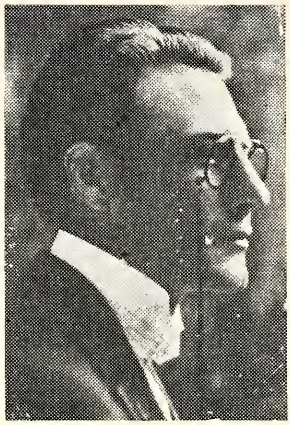

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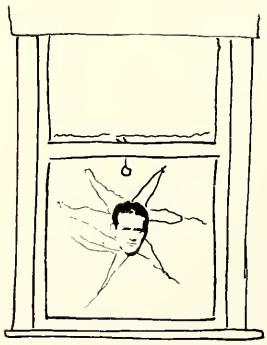

FEBRUARY

Sunday, 1—The absent-minded professor starts for church with his school books.

Monday, 2—Violin recital by Professor Strother.

Tuesday, 3—Registration Day. The weak chair in the *Nautilus* Room breaks and "Tubby" sits on the floor.

Wednesday, 4—Classes begin again.

Thursday, 5—Doctor and Mrs. Sloan visit us.

Friday, 6—Athenians' Literary night.

Saturday, 7—Fair and warmer.

Sunday, 8—Miroyiannis pokes his head through Freddie's window.

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FEBRUARY

Monday, 9—Professor Benner is not at all daunted when the inside of his song book drops out, but continues to sing holding only the cover.
Wednesday, 11—Prayer meeting in charge of Mr. Millett.
Thursday, 12—Miss Cutter's and by some strange coincidence also Abraham Lincoln's birthday.
Friday, 13—Senior Academy Social.
Monday, 16—At McMurray's they ask "Jim" Young if he is the young man that works in the office. "Jim" blushes and replies, "Ah—ah—ah—yes."
Tuesday, 17—The boys play baseball.
Wednesday, 18—Mr. Sloan is with us again and speaks in her inimitable way.
Friday, 20—Bresecan Literary Society presents a patriotic program.
Sunday, 22—Professor Angell speaks in Quincy on "The Quest of Happiness."
Monday, 23—Almost everyone is sick or indisposed.
Tuesday, 24—President Nease returns from his trip to Kansas City.
Miss Butts: Mr. Deware, when are you going to get the flu?
Eddie: Most any time; it's ordered now.
Wednesday, 25—J. T. Powers learns to play baseball.
Friday, 27—Special meeting under the auspices of the Evangelistic Association to prepare for campaign in Wollaston. Social evening in the gym.

MARCH

Sunday, 1—Close of series of meetings held in Quincy by the Evangelistic Association. President Nease brings the message.
Monday, 2—The students double up and make room for the visitors.
Tuesday, 3—The Bible Institute of the New England District opens. Rev. E. P. Ellyson, D.D., gives the keynote address on "Sharpening."
Wednesday, 4—The ministers from far and near gather in.
Thursday, 5—The students deliver circulars advertising the coming Wollaston meetings.
Friday, 6—The Sunday School Association takes charge of the Institute. Dr. Ellyson preaches a fine sermon in the evening.
Saturday, 7—Young People's Day.
Sunday, 8—A series of revival services begins in the Glenwood Hall at Wollaston, held by the Home Missionary Board and students of the college.

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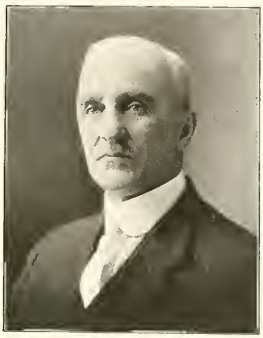

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Lynn, Massachusetts

REV. EARL T. FRENCH, *Pastor*
Telephone: BREAKERS 5742 10 Storey Avenue

Service Schedule

SUNDAY	Morning Worship	10.30 A.M.
	Sunday School	12.15 P.M.
	Y. P. S.	6.00 P.M.
	Revival Service	7.00 P.M.
WEEK NIGHT	Class Meeting, Tuesday	7.30 P.M.
	Prayer Meeting, Thursday	7.30 P.M.

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